

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2256

and **BYSTANDER**

London
September 20, 1944



1/6

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

V194

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE

Will return with the other good things

HIGHLAND QUEEN



*Grand
Liqueur*

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh
Distilleries — Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

Finnigans

OF 40ND STREET

*first
for fashion*

LONDON · MANCHESTER
CAMBERLEY · TRURO

PLENTIFUL AGAIN
WHEN VICTORY IS WON

Presta

BEVERAGES
OF DISTINCTION

MINERAL
WATERS
AND
CORDIALS

PRHUM

*The Original
West Indies APERITIF*

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

Bulmer's

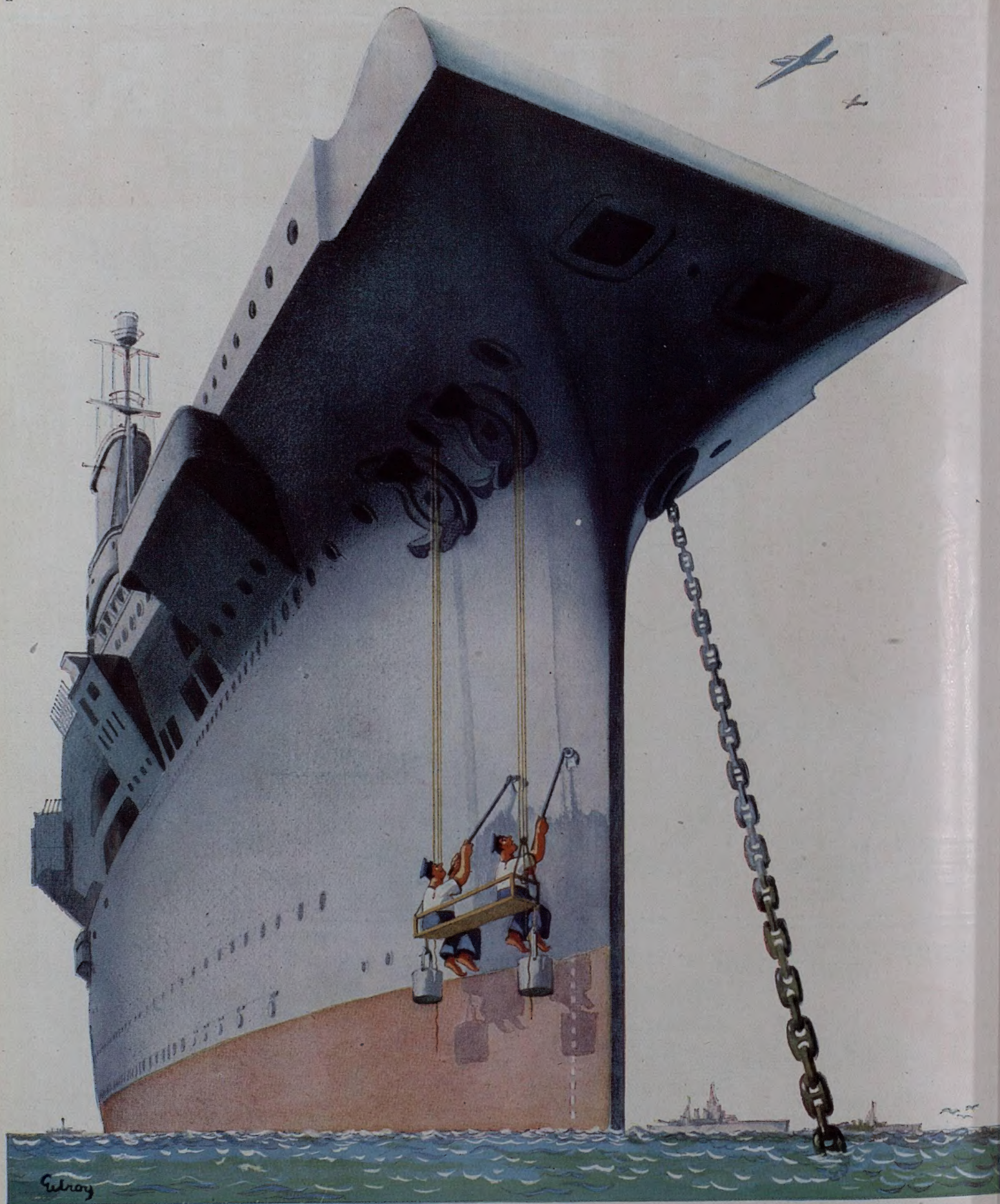
CHAMPAGNE CIDER



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

*Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants*

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS



"I feel like a GUINNESS!"
"I wish you were!"

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
SEPTEMBER 20, 1944

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2256

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 11d.



Swabe

Viscountess Wimborne With Her Son and Daughter

Lady Wimborne, younger daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, was married in 1938 to the Hon. Ivor Guest, and a year later her husband succeeded his father as Viscount Wimborne. Their son, Ivor, was born in 1939, and his sister, Ann, is three years younger. Lord Wimborne, a Major in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, was appointed Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for Air in 1942. For four years before the war he was National Member of Parliament for Breconshire and Radnorshire. His homes are Ladbroke Hall, Rugby, and Wimborne House, London



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Plans

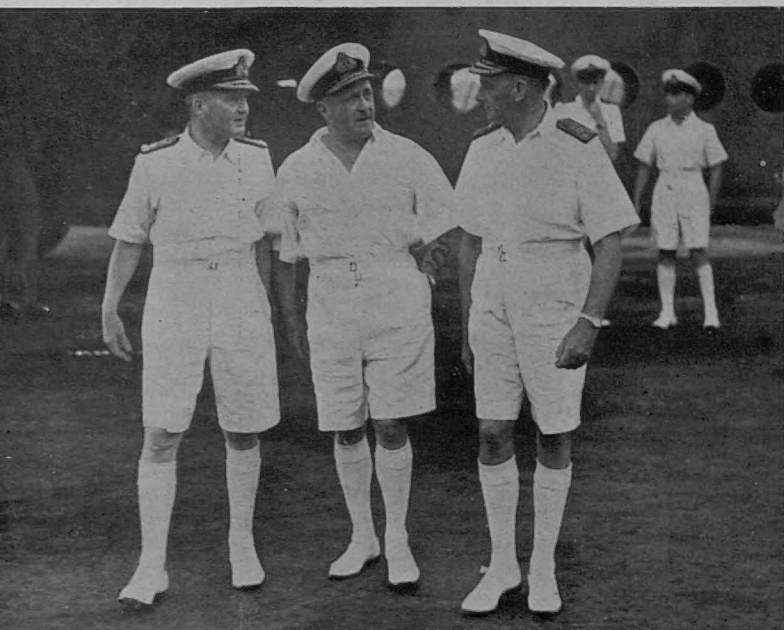
MR. CHURCHILL, back from his eighteen-day visit to the Italian battlefields, stayed in Downing Street just long enough—as one of his somewhat disgruntled entourage put it—to get a change of linen. Then his special train was ordered, and off he went on the way to Quebec. So often is this special train needed nowadays, and so short is the notice usually given, that the railway officials keep it "made up" in a siding. It is a normal-length train, for Mr. Churchill does

Germany at the end of World War I. One of the proposals Mr. Churchill is likely to make to President Roosevelt at the Quebec Conference is that all the United Nations should send the few remaining neutrals a sharp reminder that any of them who seek to harbour political fugitives from the Axis lands will find themselves in trouble. I hear that the United States' view is that even armed action ought to be threatened—or strongly implied at least—if any of the neutrals stand on their dignity and refuse to give the required undertaking.

receiving with cold formality the white-flag-bearing representatives of the German High Command. There is much more than a natural desire to triumph in this. Many astute observers think that the constantly reiterated plea of the Nazis that the German army was never really defeated in the 1914-1918 war, but that it was let down—"stabbed in the back"—by the civilians at home, was a considerable factor in the creation of the Nazi Party and of the present war. The German people, with their almost idolatrous respect for the military caste, were all too ready to accept the blame, to be ashamed of themselves, and to resolve to do better in future. It is this mixture of feelings that is keeping the German civilians going now, in face of the most severe bombing the world has ever known.

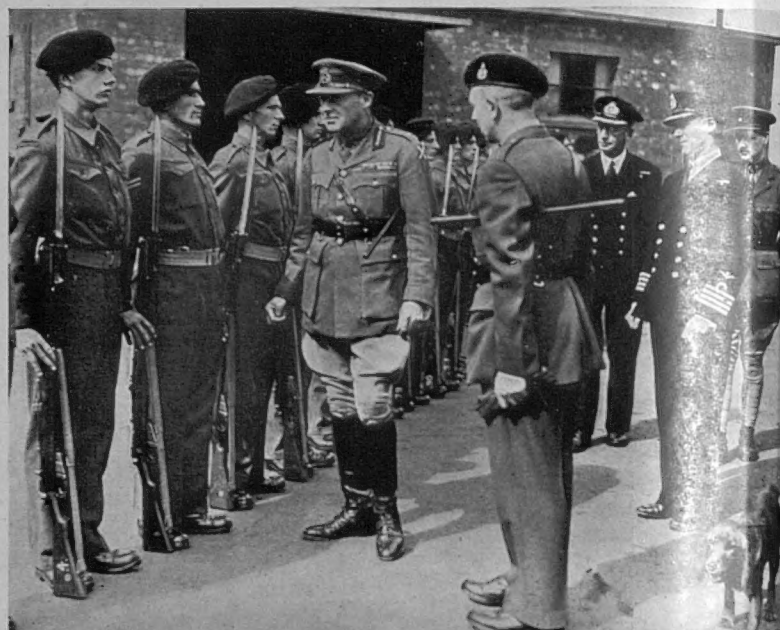
Politics

THE Allied leaders are not without their critics in the political, if not in the military, sphere. Truth to tell, there is not always the same single-mindedness on the political side as



New C.-in-C. Eastern Fleet Takes Over

Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, arriving in August at an Eastern Fleet base airport to take over his new duties as C.-in-C. Eastern Fleet, was met by Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, C.-in-C. Ceylon, and Admiral Sir James Somerville, whom he succeeded



Inspection at a R.N. Air Station

Major-Gen. N. Irwin, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C. East Scotland, recently visited a Royal Naval Air Station at Crail, in Scotland. He was accompanied by Capt. C. R. V. Pugh, R.N., C.O. the station, and inspected a guard of honour of Royal Marines on his arrival

not believe in discomfort when he travels, and his officials and advisers know from experience that it is best to have with them *all* the papers, maps and documents he may conceivably call for. So loads of highly secret papers, locked in steel cabinets, are put on the train. If the German and Japanese High Commands could get a glimpse of those papers, they would find them highly instructive and—deeply depressing. For they contain the plans for the final, fatal blows at both the remaining Axis countries. Worse even, they contain the plans for the ruling and reformation of both countries when military victory has been achieved. Worse, because the dictators hate above all things to think of the time when they will no longer dictate. The fact that they will by then—if they still live—be prisoners or fugitives does not lessen the distaste with which they must survey the future.

Fugitives

INCIDENTALLY, the United Nations leaders intend that, this time, there shall be no escape for any of the wanted men. This time, they say, there will be no Doorn, the stately country house in Holland in which Kaiser Wilhelm lived his last days after fleeing from

At the moment, it does not look as if Whitehall is prepared to go quite so far; but the most stringent economic action might be taken to ensure the extradition of an important fugitive. And that, in the economic conditions that will prevail as soon as the war ends, may be even more effective.

End

BUT before the question of post-war plans arises, the war has to be won. Nobody in informed quarters now expresses the slightest doubt that the war in Europe will end this year. The only question is precisely *how soon*. Things may be a little complicated by the growing belief that the war will not, after all, end with a formal appeal for an armistice, a formal signing, and a formal cease fire. What the high-ups now think may happen—is indeed most likely to happen—is that Germany will "fold up" a little at a time. A few men will surrender, then a whole company, then a regiment, then a division. A town will give in, then a whole province. So, gradually, the whole of Germany will fall under our control. In many ways, this is regarded as a satisfactory ending to the war, although it will rob the Allied High Command of the final triumph of

on the military. The trouble between Russia and Poland is Mr. Anthony Eden's big headache just now. No one would pretend that the problem is easy of solution. Unfortunately, there appears to be little disposition on either side to make conciliatory moves, and each side has strong supporters both here and in the United States. It is ironic that Warsaw, for whose defence the United Nations—or Britain, at any rate—went to war should now become the rock on which the carefully-cultivated Allied unity threatens to split. For this particular difficulty cannot be swept aside. M. Mikolajczyk, the Polish Premier, has been faced with the greatest difficulties with his own Cabinet over this question, and at one time, it is believed, considered resigning. There is no doubt that if this had happened it would have been a further grave blow to the chances of an agreement between Poland and Russia. M. Mikolajczyk is almost the only Polish statesman who is acceptable to Marshal Stalin, and it would be indeed unfortunate if he ceased to be the head of the Polish Government.

Crisis

NOR has his position been improved by the bitterly-worded Order of the Day issued by

Poland's Commander-in-Chief, General Sosnkowski, accusing the Allies of leaving the Polish underground fighters of Warsaw to their fate. This order was issued without M. Mikolajczyk's knowledge or consent and in many quarters it is felt that General Sosnkowski's departure is essential if M. Mikolajczyk is to continue his task with any hope of success. Even this solution is not without its difficulties, for the general has a large following amongst the Polish armed forces which are playing key roles in many battlefields. Military and political affairs are mixed up and entangled in a way strange to Britons who normally keep them strictly separate.

Puzzle

THERE are many in Britain—and even more in the United States—who take the view that Poland is being hard done by, and that the Allies ought to have done more to help her. We in Britain did try hard to get arms to the underground fighters of Warsaw. Many gallant R.A.F. men died in the task, but while this was being done no aircraft were being flown to the besieged men from Red airfields, hundreds of miles nearer than any from which the British could take off for the purpose of supplying the badly needed arms and ammunition. Even the greatest friends of the Soviet Government found this difficult to understand. Marshal Stalin was invited—without much hope—to join in the Quebec talks. He replied, as he usually does, that he was too busy with the war. So the Polish-Russian question which must obviously be one of the topics for discussion will still have to be thrashed out in the absence of the one man who could put it right. Soviet men are co-operating with complete affability in another inter-Allied Conference: that at Dumbarton Oaks on the future "World Organization," the new League of Nations. Good progress is being made there, I am told. But there is another point to be settled between Britain and the United States over the areas of Germany to be controlled by British and United States forces when the war is over. It has been under discussion for a long time by the European Advisory Commission, representing Britain, the United States and Russia. We



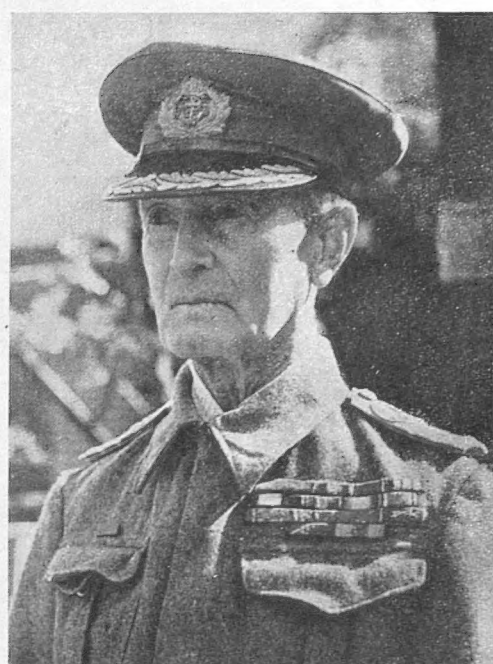
Commanding an Indian Division

Major-General O. L. Roberts, seen in this picture, is the man who is in command of the 23rd Indian Division, which is fighting on the Burma front

were to have the north-west of Germany, the United States the south-west, Russia the east, and Berlin was to have a joint control. It now appears that the position of Western Germany is in the melting pot and there the matter stands. It may be put right at the Quebec talks. Just *why* the alterations should be made when the original plan had been accepted earlier, nobody seems to know.

Change

OFF to Paris—which he loves—went Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, as British Minister, with the personal rank of Ambassador. His is a big job, for France has, somehow, to be brought back to "Big Power" status if the Allied plans for the future of Europe are to be a success. Mr. Duff Cooper is Conservative



Another Award For Admiral Cowan

Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, at seventy-six, has won a bar to the D.S.O., for gallantry in commando raids in the Mediterranean

M.P. for the St. George's division of Westminster, but it is rumoured that he intends to give up the seat, because he will be away from London possibly for years. If he does, Lord Derby's son, Colonel Oliver Stanley, is mentioned as his likely successor. Presumably, Colonel Stanley would resign his seat in Westmorland—he has already said he will not stand at the next election because he finds the vast country constituency too much for him. I hear that Captain Harold Macmillan who has been our representative in the Middle East for a long time, is likely to be the British head of the Allied Government organization to be set up in Germany. He is regarded by some as a somewhat academic politician, but Mr. Churchill thinks a great deal of his political wisdom and his diplomatic ability.



Consulting the Map in Belgium

With Lt.-Gen. B. H. Horrocks and Field Marshal Montgomery, Prince Bernhard, G.O.C. Dutch Fighting Forces, studied a map of the Netherlands somewhere near Brussels. Gen. Horrocks, now commanding a corps of the 2nd Army, previously fought under Field Marshal Montgomery in North Africa, and was gravely wounded in an air raid at Bizerta



With the Balkan Air Force in Italy

Strong support is being given by R.A.F. pilots to the patriot forces in Yugoslavia, by shooting up trains and attacking German lines of communication. Air Vice-Marshal W. Elliott, A.O.C. the Balkan Air Force, recently visited a Greek Baltimore squadron based in Italy, and is seen talking to Greek pilots briefed for operations in Yugoslavia

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Why Not My Film?

By James Agate

CAN Hollywood really mean the more posterous of its film-stories to be taken seriously? Over and over again I have come away from the cinema wondering whether such-and-such a tissue of improbabilities and absurdities should be taken at its face value, or whether the scenario-writers, directors and producers had their tongues in their cheeks? Could such fantastic nonsense be accepted by any rational human being as bearing the slightest relation to real life? Or are all these puppets and figments of the imagination only so many inhabitants of a cinematic Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, an insubstantial pageant to while away the time and take the spectator's mind off his worries and troubles? I have always wondered about it; and I suppose I shall just go on wondering.

COMING away recently from a fantastically imbecile film, I decided that although it was subconsciously quite absurd, yet it was not absurd enough. For the delectation of the humorously-minded the nonsense should be piled on much more thickly; always relying on the literal-minded of the audience to take the tomfoolery in sober earnestness. Here, I said to myself, is my opportunity to give Hollywood one of my own film-scenarios. For this I have borrowed an idea here, a character there, and evolved a story calculated to allure the West End, enchant the suburbs and fascinate the provinces.

My film is called *Sirens of Sadibaba*. Sadibaba is a perfumed island in the South Seas, where the natives spend their entire time lying about on sun-drenched beaches playing on guitars, waving multi coloured flowers the size of small trees, waiting for Charles Laughton, and singing in their Oceanic patois lyrics like:—

Jake, I'll be trew-w-w (Dad-di-dah-di-dah)
Always to yew-w-w (Deh-de-dee-dee)

But there is trouble on this island owing to

the rival claims of two rulers, sisters, but of two different types. The dark sister, Bonanza, is a wicked scheming hussy who lures unsuspecting admirers to her castle and poisons them by the aid of a mysterious scent-spray containing a deadly germ. The fair sister, Bolonza, is a sweet, virtuous girl devoted to birds. She makes wise laws and her people adore her; but she is continually frustrated by Bonanza, who steals forth at night and sprays every one she meets with the horrid scent-bottle. Things come to a climax when an American plane crashes on the island and we are introduced to Posh McGinnis, a handsome airman from Brooklyn, whom Bolonza secretly nurses back to health. They fall in love and are about to marry, when Bonanza steals into Posh's room one night and makes advances to him which that honest airman repels. Enraged, the lady gropes for the poison-spray, but her murderous intentions are foiled by a little native boy in the service of her sister, one Bogu, who wrenches the bottle from her hand and throws Bonanza into the sea.

BUT Bonanza, lucky as always, climbs on to the back of a shoreward-going shark. She re-appears in the midst of her sister's wedding and, unseen by the natives, disguises herself as a high-priest. From a still larger atomizer held in reserve she squirts an even deadlier scent over the whole populace. Hundreds are poisoned, and just as the fatal contraption is being levelled at the bridal pair, Bogu rushes up the mountain, seizes Bonanza and again throws her into the jaws of that same shark who in an absent-minded moment had saved her life. For the last time our villainess attempts her famous poisoning act, but before she can manipulate it, the shark has gobbled her up. The band now plays "Hail Columbia!" and the wedding is celebrated by as much of the population as is left alive dancing the hula-hula and drinking



"Voice In The Wind,"

Jan Volny, famous Czech pianist (Francis Lederer), incurs the wrath of the Nazis by playing "The Moldau," a much loved patriotic symphony. He sends his sweetheart Marya (Sigrid Gurie) out of the country with the idea of following her as soon as possible

bula-bula. Bogu is elected chief, and Posh awards him the Purple Heart. After which Posh and Bolonza depart for New York, where they take their rightful place as leaders of the Intellectual Nine Hundred.

WHAT really remarkable people the Italians are! And how quick Hollywood is to realize it! Was there that little matter of the Abyssinians? Yes; but we don't talk about it. Did Italy, some little time ago, stab France in the back? Yes; but we won't talk about that either. Let us rather bethink us of Garibaldi. Also of Verdi, whose famous *Hymn of the Nations* was originally written for the London Exposition in 1862. What could be nicer than a jumble of "Mameli's Song to Italy," "God Save the King" and the "Marseillaise" to which Toscanini has added "The Internationale" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Did I hear, too, "Men of Harlech"? Perhaps my ears deceived me. If they did, then there was Toscanini looking like Mr. Lloyd George to compensate. This film has a great many close-



Marnville, a former French spa, is converted by the Germans into a camp for women internees. Here women of all types from the Allied as well as the occupied countries are brought together. (In the foreground are Renee Houston and Phyllis Calvert; on the right, Muriel Ake and Flora Robson)



"2,000 Women," the much talked-of picture recently completed at Gainsborough Studios

A British bomber is brought down in the camp grounds. The women shelter the three airmen who escape. Their actions are suspected by the Nazis and it becomes necessary to get rid of the over-zealous Sergeant Hentzner (James McKechnie, Carl Jaffe, Patricia Roe)



Happy Love Story of Two Fugitives

Before he can escape Jan is captured by the Nazis and subjected to barbaric cruelty which unhinges his mind. En route for a concentration camp, he escapes from his guards and makes his way to the isle of Guadeloupe. Here he meets the brothers Luigi and Angelo (J. Carroll Naish, Alexander Granach)

ups of Signor Toscanini, nine-tenths of which show him looking rather like Mr. Mell correcting the boys' exercises at Salem House. In case the above is considered inadequate I permit myself a quotation from my old friend Synopsis: "Close-up shots provide a record of Toscanini in action, and while the music continues the film shifts to a *montage* symbolizing the power of radio communication around the world; with the vacuum tube that made possible high-frequency, the directional antenna that beams a message out across the air waves to a particular part of the earth, and the glittering control-room where the radio-engineers make delicate adjustments on the many dials." Let us hope the Abyssinians are listening in to *that*!

Is Hollywood stark, staring mad? I cull the following from its account of *Double Indemnity* (Plaza).

The background of the picture is Los Angeles and Hollywood; although there is not a shot of a film studio anywhere in the story. Jerry's



Marya is also brought to the isle of Guadeloupe. Privation has brought on an incurable disease. On her deathbed she hears the haunting music of Jan played from a nearby café. She struggles to the street where she is found by Jan, himself dying from a wound inflicted by Luigi. Jan carries her to her bed. For a brief moment the lovers are united

Market, Melrose Avenue, just around the corner from the Paramount Studio, served as the market where Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck meet clandestinely. The interior was reproduced on a studio sound stage, where shelves were stocked with groceries valued at approximately 1,000,000 ration points, and including such rarities as sliced pineapple, chocolate, solid pack tomatoes and the like! The period of the story is 1938, so the market had to be authentic of that time. To guard the canned goods, four studio policemen, it is

woman who put their heads together to murder the woman's husband begin to loathe each other before the body is cold. It is extremely exciting throughout, and is very well acted by Barbara Stanwyck who is completely convincing as the common, bloody-minded hussy; by Fred MacMurray as her callous lover; and by Edward G. Robinson who for once in a way is on the side of law and order.



presented simultaneously at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and the Marble Arch Pavilion

The three airmen (James McKechnie, Reginald Purdell, Bob Arden) are forced to keep the body of the dead Nazi with them to avoid detection. The experience is an unpleasant one and they decide to make good their escape at the earliest possible moment



The airmen's plans seem likely to be upset when Teresa (Betty Jardine) turns out to be a Nazi informant. She is set upon by Bridie (Jean Kent). Finally a little brilliant impersonation work succeeds in getting the British airmen away and all ends happily to the strains of 2,000 women singing "There'll Always Be An England"

The Theatre

"The Banbury Nose" (Wyndham's)

By Horace Horsnell

MR. PETER USTINOV must be getting tired of being told that he is a promising dramatist; but he is promising, if only in the sense that each new play he writes creates lively expectations of the next. He is young, though there is nothing callow about his work. Indeed, the striking thing about it is its maturity. The hesitations or inexperience of youth do not blur its outlines. He has the technical equipment of a veteran. His characters take the stage with professional confidence, and provide parts which give the players rich opportunity to act. They are drawn in the round, and express themselves with articulate eloquence. He is, among other things, a brilliant caricaturist. One feels that he prefers salient features to general statements, and that while his eye and ear are brilliantly engaged in their delineation, his attitude to them is less flattering than Puckish: "What fools these mortals be!"

In this mordant fantasia on heredity these gifts and grimaces are gleefully exercised. It is a retrospective demonstration of the influence of the Banbury nose on successive generations of the family whom it afflicted. The nose was a fateful legacy, that visited the fortes and foibles of the fathers on the sons, even to the third and fourth generation. If its silhouette was convex, no matter how soft-hearted or idealistic the youth of its inheritor might be, his manhood was fated to harden into martial tyranny, and he to follow in his father's footsteps up the hierarchical ladder and become a general officer, and worshipper of an heirloom fetish, the bugle that had sounded the charge for Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham. If the nose were regrettably retroussé, and the eyes less than icy blue, trouble for both father and son was indicated, and how!

WE saw this nose in both its manifestations, doing its dominating stuff with fairy-tale thoroughness. The Cæsarean owners were more regimental than *King's Regulations*; the Socratic were either bludgeoned into affecting bloodshot gallantry, or else became mere whimpering outcasts. They could no more escape their nasal destiny than the Sleeping Beauty the maledictions of that wicked fairy whose invitation to the christening was so fatefully overlooked. And terrific were the fruits thereof, particularly when Mr. Ustinov's inventive fancy, shrewd sense of humour, and impetuous characterization were abetted by the acting force of Mr. Roger Livesey to whom substantiation of the more thorough traits of Colonel Blimp are as child's play.

We met this redoubtable veteran in the first act and extreme old age, unreconciled to well-earned retirement, and in a state of chronic eruption against his son, a mere major-general, and his grandson, an idealist guerrilla, neither of whom had wished to be a soldier. The old general's martial fire had dimmed to a senile glare, and the rousing call of the historic bugle was confined to sounding *Defaulters* when his pusillanimous descendants fell short of Banbury standards and fiddled with golf sticks on the links.

This first act seemed to me the best. The meat of the satirical burlesque is in it, and the three succeeding acts seem mere kickshaws by comparison. They took us back, generation by generation, to the days of the general's youth, when he too had humane ideals and dreamed of rebellion against his father, a bloodshot Victorian grotesque whom Mr. Eric Maturin did nothing to endear.

These retrospective stages were poignantly lightened by Miss Ursula Jeans, who gave us two gracious glimpses of the distaff fortunes of



Major-General Algernon Hume-Banbury is a disappointment to his family in spite of his Banbury nose. The butler, Sergeant-Major Vickery, summons him from the golf course (Lyn Evans. Alan Trotter)

the family, and enlivened by the good acting Messrs. Hugh Burden and Eric Messiter, as the Church militant and triumphant, Mr. Michael Shepley's square-pushing subaltern, and the progress of a regimental sergeant-major from active service vigour to domestic dotage—brilliant, sharp-edged caricature by Mr. Lyn Evans.

THIS is a play of parts that seem better than the whole. It is hardly calculated to flatter age or to inspire confidence in hidebound tradition. Its theme may possibly cause the injudicious to grieve lest its irreverent freedom should encourage conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline. The Service, however, will relish its wit and revel in its audacious humours, and War Office withe remain unwrung. It is admirably written, and its burlesque forays into traditional territory are bold, impudent, masterly.



Reginald Hume-Banbury apologizes to his wife, Frances, for his peremptory treatment of their son. Frances is endeavouring to prevent her husband from developing in the Banbury tradition of a bully (Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans)

Sketches by
Tom Till



Major Strutt and the Rev. Guy Saunders are both in love with Frances, the wife of Lieut.-General Hume-Banbury. Major Strutt's military career has ended owing to youthful indiscretions (Michael Shepley, Hugh Burden)



Princess Drivers of the M.T.C.

Princess Elizabeth of Luxembourg and her younger sister, Princess Marie Adelaide, are members of the M.T.C. They grease and wash cars, do repairs and drive whenever they get the opportunity. Luxembourgers are now fighting under their own officers in the Allied Armies, and the two Princesses hope to return to their own country to play their part as soon as the Civil Affairs Section takes over in their liberated country.



Reception in Honour of the Chilean Ambassador

Mrs. Wilson, H.E. the Mexican Ambassador, Dr. Teresa Rosa Durland, H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, and Captain Jack Davis were photographed together at the reception given by Capt. Davis at his home in Shepherds Place recently in honour of Senor Don Manuel Bianchi and in the interests of Anglo-Chilean post-war trade.



King Haakon Goes Back Stage at the New

The new Old Vic Company were honoured by a visit from King Haakon of Norway when they were playing "Peer Gynt." During the interval His Majesty asked to be taken back stage, and there personally congratulated Dame Sybil Thorndike and Ralph Richardson on their magnificent performances.



Off to France with the American Red Cross

Swaebe

Two of the first women members of the American Red Cross to go over to France are Lady Orr-Lewis and Mrs. H. Fiske. Mrs. Fiske, formerly Countess of Warwick, is the widow of William Meade Lindsay Fiske, the first American airman to be killed in the Battle of Britain.



The Allies Welcome Committee Reception in London

The Allies Welcome Committee celebrated the completion of their fourth year at their usual monthly reception. H.E. Monsieur Maximilian Lobkowitz, the Czechoslovak Ambassador, is seen above with his wife (left) and Lady Anderson, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



An Engagement

Miss Viola Stocker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Stocker, is engaged to be married shortly to Major A. J. du Sautoy, son of Major B. du Sautoy, of Ampthill, Bedfordshire. Miss Stocker's brother married Miss Peta Davis

Swaebe



Married in India

Hamilton, Bombay

Lt. the Hon. John Geddes, R.A.C., third son of Lord and Lady Geddes, and Miss Diana Elizabeth Swift, daughter of Brig. Charles Swift, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. W. M. Henning, were married in India on May 3rd. Lt. Geddes was severely wounded at Tobruk. His bride is a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade

Rebuilding the Guards' Chapel

HIS MAJESTY, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Brigade of Guards, is taking the deepest personal interest in the scheme for reconstructing the Guards' Chapel, so unhappily destroyed by one of the early flying bombs. The Chapel, at Wellington Barracks, is structurally the property of the War Office, and the rebuilding of the exterior will be done by the department. But the interior decorations, the memorials to many famous Guardsmen of the past, and all the other elaborate fittings that made so much for the beauty of the Chapel, are entirely the responsibility of the Brigade, and, with the full approval and permission of the King, the two senior officers of the Guards, Lieut.-General Sir Alfred Codrington, the Senior Colonel, and Lieut.-General Sir F. Loyd, as Major-General Commanding the Brigade, have launched an appeal to all comrade officers and other friends of the Guards to establish a fund for the adequate restoration of the Chapel.

It was not so very long before the war that the Chapel was the setting for an especially brilliant ceremonial, when Their Majesties visited it to inspect—and, if I remember aright, unveil—the lovely mosaics done by that great artist, himself an officer of the Brigade, Sir Nevile Wilkinson. Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and nearly all the other members of the Royal Family were present, and it was one of the historic days in the long history of the Guards. Let us hope it will not be too long before the King and Queen will go again to Wellington Barracks for a similar ceremony.

Princess Elizabeth, who, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, takes a personal concern in

all that appertains to the regiment and the Brigade, has promised her support for the appeal.

Allied Naval Commander-in-Chief

ONE of the most important figures in all the operations that led up to D-Day, and that have been continuing, under the Navy's usual cloak of silence and secrecy, ever since, is Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, who, as Allied Naval Commander-in-Chief, has borne for more than three months the whole weight of responsibility for all shipping movements in the Channel, including His Majesty's ships, ships of the United States Navy under his command, and the hundreds upon hundreds of merchantmen, tank-landing ships, beach craft, minesweepers and other vessels necessary to supply and maintain the Allied Armies and Air Forces in the field.

You might expect such a burden to leave indelible traces on a man. But the senior officers of the Royal Navy are used to heavy responsibilities, and Admiral Ramsay's smile is as frequent, his voice as calm and his manner as unruffled to-day as ever. A young American naval Lieutenant, who had just left the C.-in-C. full of admiration, told me with awe and pride that the Admiral had greeted him, in the midst of a big conference, by name. "And I had only ever seen him a couple of times before, and that was a month ago," added my American friend, who has a real enthusiasm for the Navy.

There is a close and long-seated friendship between Admiral Ramsay and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham ("A.B.C." to Navy men everywhere), the First Sea Lord, and in recent days, since the enemy threat to our Channel supply lines diminished, the two

(Continued on page 362)

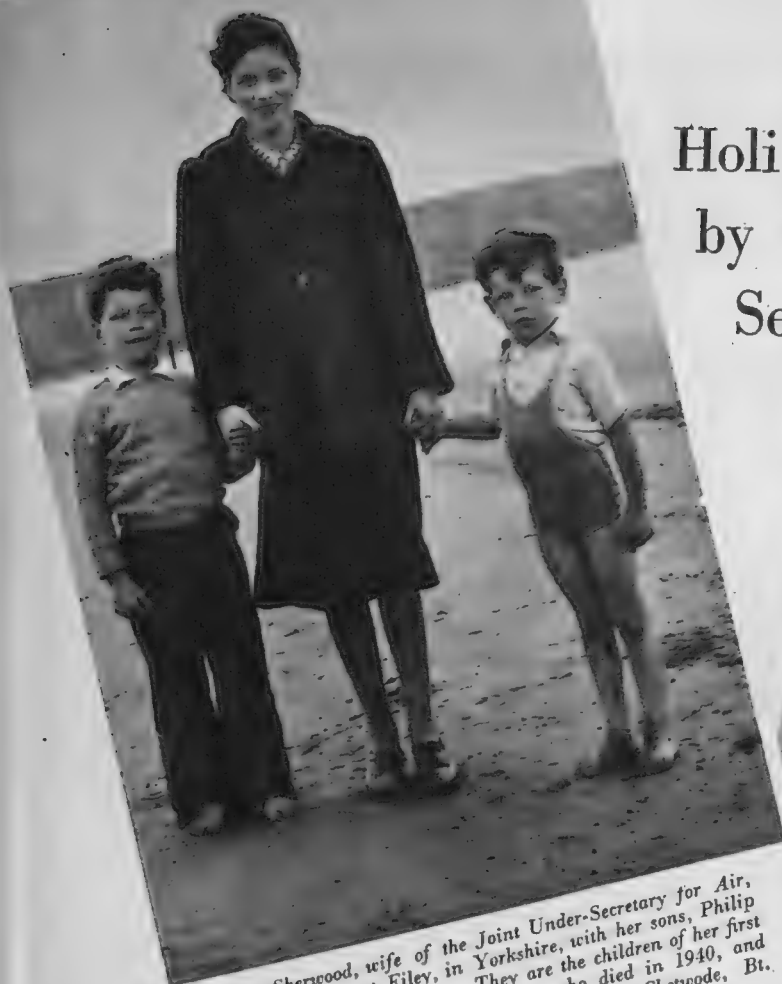


A Wedding in Scotland

Clapperton, Selkirk

Lt. Harold Boulton, Irish Guards, elder son of Sir Harold and Lady Boulton, and Miss Patricia Maxwell-Scott, elder daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, were married at the Church of Our Lady and St. Andrew, Galashiels. In this group are Miss E. Hamilton Dalrymple, Caroline Hill, Lt. and Mrs. Harold Boulton, Lt. Peter Wellesley Colley, Colin Lindsay-Macdougall and Miss Jean Maxwell-Scott

Holidays by the Sea



Lady Sherwood, wife of the Joint Under-Secretary for Air, was holidaying at Filey, in Yorkshire, with her sons, Philip and Christopher Chetwode. They are the children of her first marriage to Capt. Roger Chetwode, who died in 1940, and grandsons of Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Bt.



Viscountess Elvedon, with her three children, Benjamin, Elizabeth and Henrietta Guinness, was also on the beach at Filey. She is the wife of Major Viscount Elvedon, R.A., only son of the Earl of Iveagh, and was formerly Lady Elizabeth Hare

Photographs by
Parkinson, Scarborough



Lady Patricia Milnes Gaskell was there with her son, Tom. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Thomas Milnes Gaskell, Coldstream Guards, was killed in action last year. Lady Patricia and Lady Elvedon are sisters, and their eldest brother is the Earl of Listowel



In this group of young people on Filey beach are Paul Channon (son of Mr. Henry and Lady Honor Channon), Deidre Hare (Lord Listowel's daughter), Benjamin Guinness, Philip Chetwode, James Milnes Gaskell, Eliza Guinness, Christopher Chetwode, Andrew and Tom Milnes Gaskell and Henrietta Guinness

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Admirals have found time on several occasions, I hear, to dine and talk together in the country.

Reception

A BIG reception was given by Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky to welcome back from their honeymoon their daughter, Princess Irena, and her husband, Major Edward Beddington Behrens. The bride and bridegroom were in great spirits, Princess Irena looking very neat and charming in a duck-egg-blue frock, which had a closely-scattered pattern in wine colour which proved on examination to consist of a jumble of the letters of the alphabet. She wore a spray of orchids and carried a Victorian posy of lilies-of-the-valley. Major Behrens, too, was quite festive with an orchid in his buttonhole.

There were all sorts of well-known people to



Birthday Party in a London Restaurant

Round the table: Capt. Hugh Stewart (the host, whose birthday was being celebrated), Miss Conway Gordon, Lt.-Cdr. Van der Wolf, Mrs. Malcolm Turner, Mr. Harvey Sangster, Mrs. Conway Gordon, and, opposite them, Mr. Andrew Dawson, Miss Prudence Stewart-Wilson, Mr. Simon Baring, Miss Tinker Cockell, and Capt. Ian Galloway



Hay Wrightson

Miss Bailie, of Manderston

Miss Lorna Bailie, F.A.N.Y., is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. C. W. H. Bailie, of Manderston, Berwick. Her only brother, in the Scots Guards, was killed in action, and Miss Bailie is now heiress to the Manderston estate

be seen: doctors like Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys and Mr. Cedric Lane-Roberts (who brought the latest Gloucester baby, as well as his elder brother, into the world); Field-Marshal such as Lord Milne and Sir Philip Chetwode; one-time M.P.s like Lord Strabolgi and Sir Montague Barlow; and former diplomats, including Sir George Franckenstein and Baron Palmstierna. Many of them had brought their wives, and I saw Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mrs. Lane-Roberts, Lady Milne, Lady Chetwode, Lady Strabolgi and Lady Barlow among them. Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme had the Hon. Enid Paget with them; Kathleen Countess of Drogheda was getting sympathy for having broken her arm, and Lady Franckenstein was being congratulated on her baby son, who has been given the names of Clement George and seems to have been a great success in his christening robe of Irish lace over pale-blue satin.

Travellers

IN spite of the uncertainties and hardships of travel these days, quite a number of "well-knowns" have been journeying to and fro. At Paddington Station I saw Lord and Lady Cromer, who were off to their Somersetshire

home, Lady Cromer looking particularly well in her St. John uniform. In Edinburgh, Lady Bruntisfield has been staying at the North British with her invariable companion, her greyhound "Boy," as slim and tall of figure as his owner. Also in and out of the North British has been Marie Lady Willington, intent on Overseas League affairs. It is good to see the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill about again after her nasty bout of scarlet fever, which developed while she was staying with Lord and Lady Melchett at their home in Bedfordshire. She is once again at work at the Churchill Club. The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Davies, whom I met in the Dorchester, had news of her brother, Lord Brougham and Vaux, who, she told me, has had a bad time with recurring malaria and jaundice. A hard worker around was Miss Cassi Connolly, daughter of Sir James and Lady Connolly. She is welfare supervisor in a London factory and seems to flourish on it, for she was looking remarkably well and as good-looking as ever.

News from Scotland

NEAR Dunblane, Mrs. Alistair Campbell has had her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Emmett, staying with her, and for his few days' leave her brother, Captain "Gar" Emmett.

(Concluded on page 376)



S/Ldr. Robert Sweeny and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn dined together one night in town. Robert Sweeny was awarded the D.F.C. last year for gallantry in anti-submarine sorties



W/Cdr. P. R. W. Wickham and Lt.-Col. and Lady Bridget Clark were a threesome for dinner. The Clarks were married in April; Lady Bridget is Lord and Lady Minto's elder daughter

Where to Eat? Some of Those Who Found a Good Spot

Photographs at Bagatelle by Swaeb

Living in Camberley

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys and Her Son



The Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys and Richard

Photographs by Swaebe



Dinner-Time for the Chickens



Greenwood, Camberley

● The Hon. Mrs. Rhys, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Woodbyne Parish, was married in 1934 to Lord Dynevor's eldest son. Her husband, Capt. the Hon. Charles Rhys, was formerly Conservative M.P. for Romford and for Guildford, and Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister from 1927 to 1929. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and won the M.C. in the last war. Capt. and Mrs. Rhys have taken a house in Camberley, where these pictures were taken while their son, Richard, was at home for the holidays. He is a fellow pupil of the Duke of Kent at Ludgrove preparatory school. Mrs. Rhys is Assistant Divisional Secretary of the Surrey branch of the Red Cross



In Red Cross Uniform

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CONSCIENTIOUS objectors have behaved pretty well in this war, an authority has remarked. Not so in World War I, during which—as your Great-Uncle James will tell you, if reasonably awake—they tried to kill two Cabinet Ministers.

A fantastic business altogether, but no joke, as appeared from the Old Bailey trial in March 1917; the *clou* of the plan being that Slogger Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, was to be shot with a poisoned dart from an airgun while golfing at Walton Heath. A fanatic Left Wing pacifist named Mrs. Wheeldon, who dealt in secondhand clothes, was in charge of the arrangements. The poison was actually procured. It consisted chiefly of curari, the lethal stuff South American Indians use on arrows, and strychnine. A Secret Service agent wormed the lowdown from the Wheeldon family by engaging their sympathy as an alleged desperado of the International Workers of the World and Army deserter, and three of them were sent to penal servitude. They hadn't arranged anything up to date for Slogger Arthur Henderson, Minister of Labour, the second item on their little list. Maybe they had conscientious objections to killing more than one Minister on the same day.

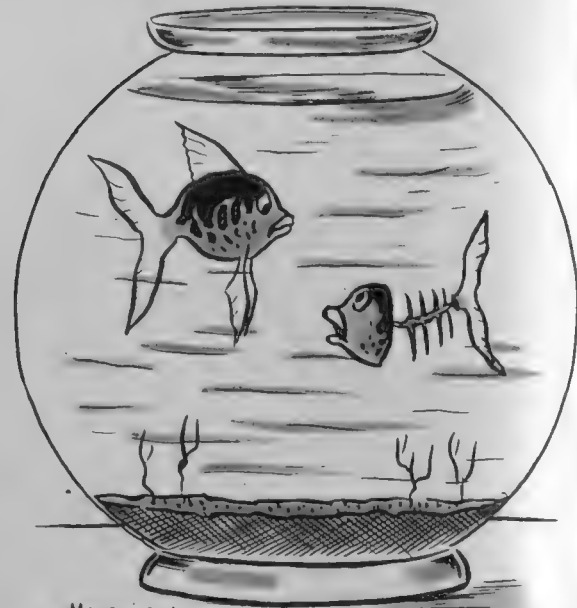
Just one of those things which Can't Possibly Happen Over Here, and we recall it, in addition, because some open-air pundit

has just been remarking what a fine healthy game golf is.

Enigma

AMONG the German periodicals most recently suppressed in connection with the Hitler assassination plot of last July we perceive one called the *Blatt der Hausfrau*—the German equivalent, so to speak, of *Home Chat*. It would be interesting to know what this wicked housewives' paper has been up to.

Nothing more cow-like and docile than the German *hausfrau* has yet been invented, as everybody knows, and why Barrie never wrote her up we can't imagine. Barrie had an odd lifelong complex about comparing ladies to cows, and apparently thought it the greatest compliment possible, introducing the cow-motif into *When a Man's Single* and *The Little White Bird*, and even contemplating a play called *The Cow*, about a nice, soft-eyed, placid, homely woman, as his recent biographer, Mr. Mackail, discovered. We can see the point, but we guess few of his adoring feminine public would have. Nothing is more attractive or soothing than a cow, yet for some reason the British police-courts are full every Monday morning of ladies who greatly resent the comparison. In Germany



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"Mind you, blast does some funny things"

they probably love it. However, this rumination doesn't help to solve the enigma of the *Blatt der Hausfrau*, whose editress may have suddenly stuck a treasonable line into What To Do With the Sunday Joint or How To Make Over Last-Year's Tailormade. E.g.:

Cut the lean meat into small tasty dice, add half-pint water, place over low flame, stir in the vegetables, stand by to barricade the street when you hear that guy at Berchtesgaden has handed in his dinner-ticket, garnish with cut carrots (etc., etc.).

Or what?

Tablet

LOUVAIN having been liberated, the question of a commemorative tablet on the University Library crops up, we guess.

If you remember, the Boche smashed and burned the famous Library and destroyed most of its treasures in August 1914. It was restored after the war, chiefly with American money. In May 1940 the conscientious Boche gutted the Library once more from the air, destroying most of the 90,000 books and manuscripts which half the civilised world had presented to it. And between these two dates a curious thing happened. In 1919 or thereabouts a Latin tablet was placed on the Library façade stating briefly that it had been wrecked by German barbarity and restored by American generosity. A year or so later the Be-Kind-To-Poor-Deer-Germany aunties of both Anglo-Saxon hemispheres raised such a howl of rage over this tablet that the then Rector of Louvain University was courteous or misguided enough to remove it. The Library will now have to be restored a second time, a second tablet is obviously called for, and inevitably, towards 1950, the same kind of aunties will be rearing and squawking again, or what do you bet us?

Footnote

OUR strong personal hope is that this time the Rector will dictate a polite letter in
(Concluded on page 366)



"The roof-spotters report that danger is eminent, your Imminence"

Country Snapshots

From Here and There



Broderrick Vernon
Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton and Her Children



Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall opened the Windsor Horse Show and Gymkhana at the Army sports ground, Windsor, in aid of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund



Windsor Horse Show and Gymkhana for the Red Cross

Mrs. Oldman was the winner of Class 2 for the best riding horse. She is seen holding the cup, with her successful entrant, Barsheen



Coe, Norwich
Riding in the Park at Beeston Hall

Juliet and Patricia Preston, seen here on their ponies, are the daughters of Colonel Sir Edward Preston, Bt., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Preston, of Beeston Hall, Norfolk. Both girls are in the Women's Land Army

Left: The wife of Major Douglas Maitland-Makgill-Crichton is seen with her son, Charles, and her daughter, Veronica Anne. Her husband is the laird of Monzie Castle, near Crieff, Perthshire



Broderrick Vernon
Mrs. Toby Musker and Juliet



Two of the young competitors, taking part in one of the driving events, were Miss K. and Miss B. Pullinger, photographed going into action

Standing By ...

(Continued)

choice Ciceronian Latin in reply to the aunts, and that a translation on parchment in all the leading European tongues will be placed in the vestibule. The English version will, or should, begin:

Jades! Harridans! Croncs! Haybags!

Meataxes!

Go cut yourselves a nice slice of throat.

(Signed) RECTOR MAGNIFICUS.

Surprise

IN Wimpole Street the other day we were astonished to discover an otherwise impeccable and distinguished molar-snatcher who didn't know that an almost legendary military hero of two world-wars who has just been in a plane-crash, plastered with wounds and decorations of glory and still fighting, was of his own profession. We needn't remind you well-informed sweethearts that General Freyberg, V.C., D.S.O., was a dentist in New Zealand before World War I? They don't seem to have heard of it in Wimpole Street.

Still marvelling at this insensibility, we asked this bicuspid-fancier what dentists really talk about among themselves, or in their-luxurious homes. He said "Teeth and other headline topics of the day," and gagged us. A little later we said: "Do you ever suffer the pains and ecstasies of Love?" and he said "Not to any extent, because the mouth is so frequently disappointing." It appears that when dentists encounter for the first time what the old Italian poet called the lightning of the angelic smile (*lampeggiar del angelico riso*) they say "Hold it," and have a good look round inside. You've probably often seen this scene depicted in toothpaste advertisements. The lover's first passionate cry "White lies!" leads to a scene of erotic emotion recalling the loves of Paolo and Francesca.

"What do you clean your teeth with?"

"I don't know. Some sort of paste."

"You should use BUMPO. Daily and nightly use of BUMPO ensures sparkling white teeth free from tartar and prevents decay."

Here the girl puts one white hand to her burning cheeks and whispers "BUMPO!" BUMPO! It is the first time any man has ever said that to her! A strange sweet pain is at her heart. She staggers slightly, and would fall on her lover's breast if he were not already some distance away, fiddling with the instrument-cabinet and humming a tune.

That's how rosy Eros comes to Wimpole Street, we gather, and there's big emotional drama in it.

Gadget

AMONG the things taken by the Rumanians from the Ukraine, according to the Russians, was a revolving stage from an Odessa theatre, transferred to a

theatre in Bucharest. This shows that the Rumanians care for art, but maybe not for actors.

Some years ago an immensely modern theatre was opened in Paris with Sacha Guitry's spectacular show *Histoire de France*, which required about fifty scene-changes. Under the super-revolving stage enormous masses of shining machinery like a battleship's engine-room changed the scenes smoothly and swiftly at the touch of a button, and often mangled or massacred a passing actor. Replacing actors cost the management on the average about five hundred francs a time, which shows the scale on which things were done. Russia and Rumanian actors are probably cheaper and the revolving-stage machinery not so terrific, but even then it means an addition to the overhead which would make the most lavish management think. One reason stage-machinery at Covent Garden is so antiquated is that huge operatic divas trapped in this way cost too much to replace, apart from damage to the plant; though at the same time their yells would pass unnoticed in the general uproar on a Wagner night, for instance. Which reminds one of that fearful night at Covent Garden when the ship in Act I of *Tristan* was not ready in time, and the enormous Ysolde of the evening volunteered to take its place



"Honestly, Karl, is this quite the time to discuss the merits of Persil?"

by lying down and being draped and holding a mast on her stomach, singing her part meanwhile. To fit the new situation they hastily gave Tristan an aria beginning:

Ysolde! Alas! Thou hast seasick become!

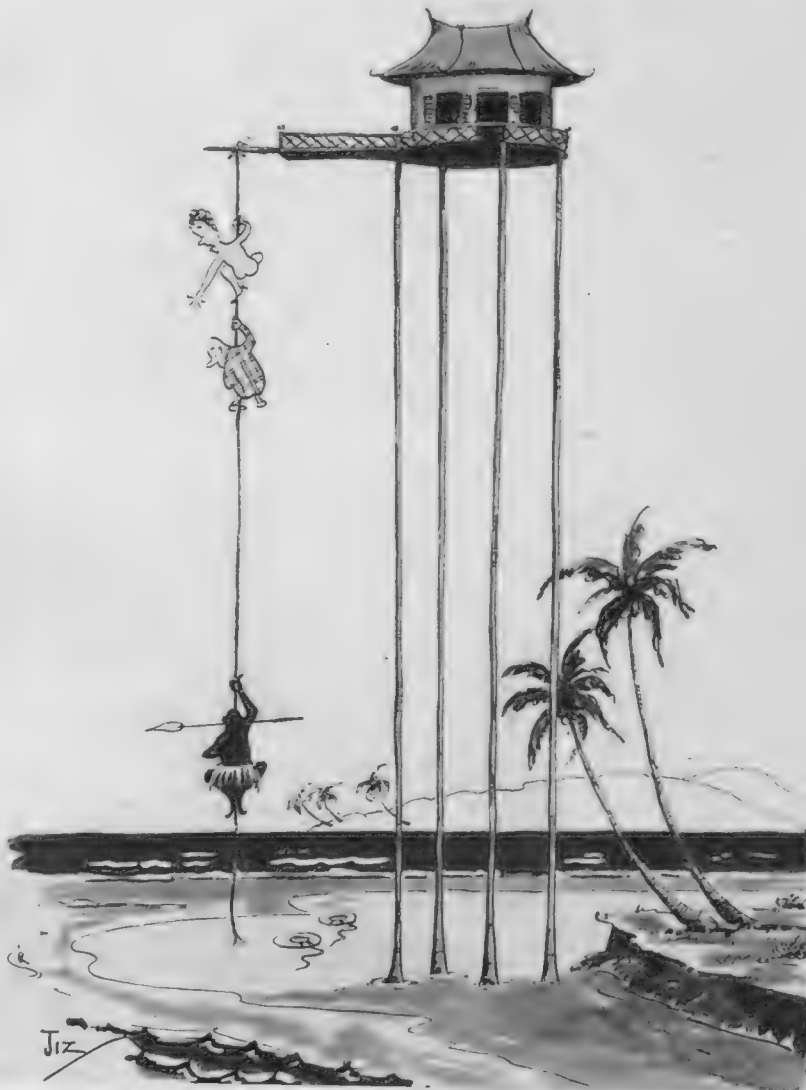
From the gloryhole under Deck A thou must thy love declare!

Such is the story, not that we believe it.

Trees

IT will take some time for those vast areas of heath and fell on the Border which the Forestry Commission proposes to plant with timber to acquire that stilly, menacing atmosphere of the Black Forest, the New Forest, and a hundred others. But they will, in time. All ancient forests hate men and are haunted by devils. The huge German forests, apart from being full of witches, kobolds, and trolls, drive men by terror into raving epilepsy, like Luther. Even relatively friendly forests in loved countrysides are watching you closely all the time and waiting for something; hoping, maybe, to panic you, as the dark forest outside Roncesvalles in the High Pyrenees once panicked a chap we know, a man-about-town, a *flâneur*, a *viveur*, a member of the Bath Club. Vainly crying "Parker! Parker!"—the name of his man, snoring far away in Belgravia—he stumbled out of the trees into the moonlight, sweating and pallid. Parker would have compressed tight lips in scorn, we guess. Yes, sir. No, sir. (What's got the — now?) Certainly, sir.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"For heaven's sake, Major Craddock, turn upside down and gnaw through the rope"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in His Robes

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., M.P., was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in September 1943, shortly after the sudden death of Sir Kingsley Wood, who had held the post since 1940. Introducing his first Budget in April this year, Sir John Anderson's remarkable speech, lasting one hour and forty minutes, was hailed by many as the most constructive and realistic to have ever been heard in the House of Commons. His announcement that there was to be no change in taxation this year came as a welcome surprise. Speaking of our domestic and financial policy, Sir John paid tribute to the soundness, courage and wisdom of his predecessor in laying the foundations for that policy. One of the schemes set on foot by Sir Kingsley Wood—the "pay-as-you-earn" system of tax collection—has been successfully launched by the present Chancellor, and is now in full operation. Sir John, who had long experience as a Civil Servant before entering politics, has previously held the posts of Governor of Bengal, Lord Privy Seal, Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security. His second marriage to Mrs. Ralph Wigram took place in 1941

Sussex

Olive Snell P
in Beautiful

● Many of the R.A.F. portraits produced in these pages, having been painted in this eighteenth-century building in the grounds of the masterpiece of Palladian architecture by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, more than one large room, with a view of the South Coast to the Isle of Wight. The house, the finest example of its kind in the country, was built in 1746 by Sarah Duchess of Devonshire, with shells brought from all parts of the world, and all of the British Navy, arranged in the room. The artist is the wife of Col. Ebenezer Snell, a naval officer, who has painted many portraits for the last four years, and the pictures which have been published are devoted to

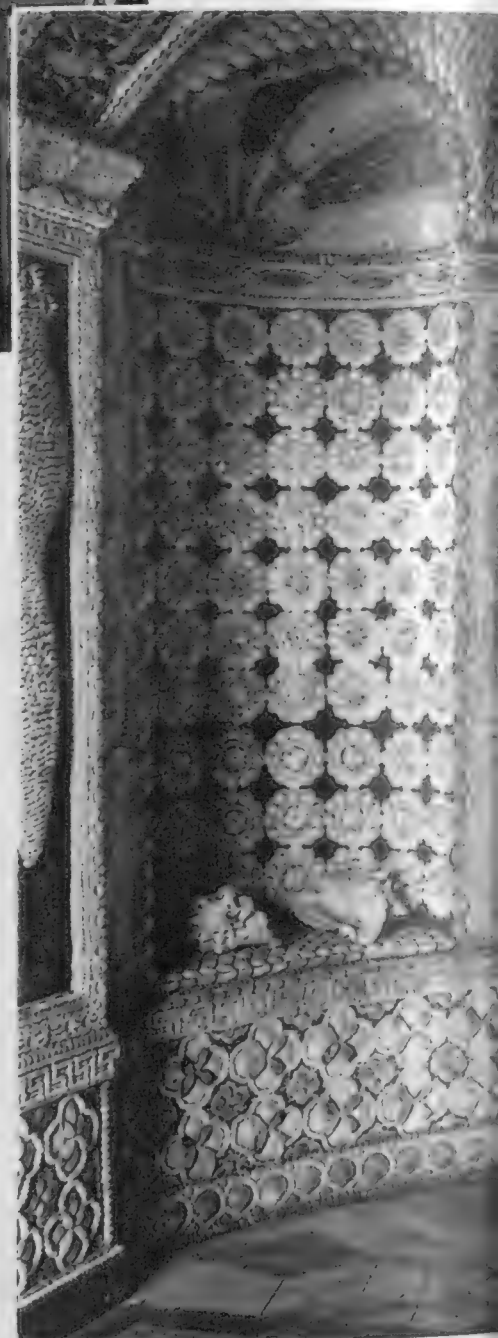
Photographs



The Artist in the Studio with Some of Her Pictures



Looking South from the Door of Carnes Seat



Olive Snell Rest

Radio

Portraits

Soundings

Olive Snell, often repro-
sented in a beautiful
Park. Carnes Seat, a
to the artist as a studio
consists of little more
view over the South
it stands the Shell
England. It was made
and her daughters,
the Empire by sailors
designs. Olive Snell
E. M.C., and has two
Canadian Guards. She
istry Records during
those which have
F. Benevolent Fund



Working on a Flower Picture



Work in the Shell House



Goodwood Park from the North Side of the House

Four Famous Pilots



G/Capt. P. G. Wykeham-Barnes, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, now leading a Mosquito wing of the Second Tactical Air Force, has had five years' experience in combat flying, and many escapes. He led a Mosquito squadron in Malta, and at Tobruk commanded Cobber Kain's old squadron during the worst period of the siege. He intends writing a book on his experiences after the war.



W/Cdr. W. V. Crawford-Compton, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, comes from Invercagill, New Zealand. He joined the R.A.F. as an aircraftman, rapidly rising to his position as one of our leading aces. "Bill" Compton has been a staff officer, but preferred to return to fighting, and now commands a wing operating over France. He was awarded the American Silver Star for his work escorting U.S. bombers over Germany.



W/Cdr. R. H. Harries, D.S.O., D.F.C. and two Bars, Spitfire pilot, born in Wales, and formerly a medical student, joined the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war. He was leader of the Nigeria squadron, famous for its reconnaissance work over the Channel, later escorting U.S. bombers over Europe. He lectured for some months in America, and is now back on operations. Harries is a very fine amateur pianist.



W/Cdr. A. C. Deere, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, from New Zealand, joined the R.A.F. at the age of eighteen. Known as "the man the Germans couldn't kill," he was shot down over Dunkirk, but returned to England in a destroyer, and took a prominent part in the Battle of Britain. He is known for his utter disregard for danger, tenacity and skill as a pilot and holds the Croix de Guerre and the American D.F.C.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Official Secret

A SUGGESTION that Peace Day should be celebrated by a mammoth firework display at the Crystal Palace has, I understand, been severely turned down by the Appropriate Authority, because, as he very justly remarked (in strict confidence to my unworthy self), he did not really believe that it would be at all popular. This goes for bonfires also.

War Horses

WHILST everyone who loves horses will entirely agree with the various correspondents who have written to the Press stating that great cruelty is connected with the employment of the noble animal in warfare against modern weapons, such as, for instance, as I suppose, the Tiger, or even the Churchill, tank, the flame-projector and the flying bomb, it is only fair to recall that the horse has a long and very distinguished record on the field of battle, and that even in this, the most sanguinary of all wars, has added further lustre to it. The Russian cavalry, dexterously handled as it has been, has proved that it is by no means an obsolete arm. In theatres of war other than the European one, there occur opportunities which only cavalry can seize. By and large, however, the rule that the tactical weapon must change with the times holds good, the only necessary reservation being a reminder that it is never very clever to throw out dirty water until you are quite sure that you have clean to put in its place. The Russians remembered this ancient aphorism.

The Friend of Man

AS to this, most people who have "had to do" with horses will be with the kindly Protestants all the way. The only emendation I would suggest is "of some men," for there are humans whom horses simply cannot abide, just as there are some people who simply abhor the very mention of the word "horse"; people, maybe, who have never so much as met biters, bolters, buckers, kickers, rearers, refusers; horses suffering from homicidal mania, paranoia or exaggerated ego, hydrophobia, or any other disorder to which the species is prone. Some people can't stand cats; others detest mice or snakes. A love of animals is not inbred in all



Tennis for the Red Cross

Alice Marble and Mary Hardwick, American and British lawn tennis champions, recently raised 100,000 dollars for the Red Cross and War Loan, in exhibition matches at Forest Hills, N.Y., and Washington, D.C.

of us. Even those who like horses and have had such a lot of fun with them at one time or another have occasionally been known to express an intense dislike of them, but they have always come back, for the lure of the horse is irresistible. It is wise, therefore, to recall the words of an equestrian who said: "The horse is friend of man, no doubt, but he does not always do so!" This deathless truth was spoken by a Mr. Jabberjee, a failed B.A. of the Calcutta University. The same gentleman gave us some hints about equitation: "Farst obtain isheat on top of the back of the harse;



At Cobham Horse Show

S/O. Cecily Pitman, W.A.A.F., of Washington, Sussex, was the only competitor in uniform at Cobham Horse Show and Gymkhana. Here she is on her horse, Cloudy, at Brook Farm, Cobham

put foot in ishtirrup; tarn out toe; apply ishpur; and Oh my gardfathers!" Mr. Jabberjee, it must be stressed, was a failed B.A., but his instructor in the art of riding likewise can have had only a small nibble at the forbidden fruit of knowledge.

The Horse a Lodestone

THE fact is undeniable, for even those who have suffered from broken noses, broken collar-bones and even broken necks, and have thereupon sworn that they will burn all their breeches and boots the moment they get home, have always returned. You must never take all that people say about horses or their experiences with them *au pied de la lettre*. Life is not quite long enough for that. For instance, should someone, who has made a bad bargain in the horse way, say: "A dirty, nappy brute; give 'im a gallop and next mornin' you can throw your hat through 'im!", do not take this too literally, because perhaps a week later, when the purchaser is trying to pass the animal on to someone else, he will say: "Kind as a Christian! My little daughter, aged ten, hunted him all last season with the Quornounds and he never once gave her a fall! And sound? Well, you couldn't find a sounderorse than what he is, and that is the gospel truth, that is!"

(Concluded on page 372)



An Association Football XI. at a Garrison H.Q.

This photograph comes from the North of Scotland, where the officers of this football XI. have just completed a successful season. Sitting: Capt. A. M. Anderson, Capt. S. C. Walthew, Major J. H. Trail, Capt. P. W. R. C. Haley, Capt. J. Manuel. Standing: Capt. L. B. Sandy, Capt. W. E. Pike, Major C. H. Rowe, Lt. F. T. Prentice, Lt. S. Swift, Capt. J. McKinnon



A Horse Show in Aid of the Red Cross

Above are the judges and organisers of Harefield Horse Show, which was held in aid of the Red Cross (Uxbridge and Denham Division): Mr. R. Murless, R.C.V.S., Count Orsich, Mrs. D. G. Mathew, Miss C. Delfosse, Lady Moran, Mr. J. Cox and Mr. M. Cox



Somerset County Cricket XI. Beat the West of England at Clifton Close, Bristol

D. R. Stuart

Somerset beat the West of England team by 6 wickets with fifteen minutes to spare, making 120 runs for 4. On the ground: J. F. Pickering, G. S. Gunn. Sitting: A. A. Harrison, W. Andrews, W. T. Luckes (captain), F. S. Lee, Capt. H. Critchley-Salmonson. Standing: W. Hale (umpire), D. S. Milford, J. P. Sainsbury, G. E. S. Woodhouse, C. R. J. Li Calsi, Umpire

The West of England XI., captained by F/Lt. Walter Hammond, made a sporting declaration at 118 for 9 wickets. On the ground: A. Wilson, R. J. Beveridge. Sitting: R. A. Sinfield, Mr. F. O. Wills (president, West of England Cricket Association), W. R. Hammond, G. O. Elliott, T. Goddard. Standing: W. Hale (umpire), F. R. Santall, A. H. Clark, Capt. H. C. Browning, R. T. W. Perks, P. L. Hahn, J. C. W. MacBryan

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Every sailor, I am sure, will bear out the truth of what is here set down. What do the seafarers do the very moment they get ashore after having been unmercifully bucketed about on the boisterous billow? Why, at once get aboard the rowdiest horse they can find and ride him at the most blood-curdling obstacles. Even a horse suffering from exaggerated ego or hydrophobia, in a country plentifully intersected by brooks, has not lacked a friend, for so many people simply hate water-jumping, and, where other obstructions are concerned, far prefer to have their minds made up for them than set their faces like flint and ride at a flight of new ash rails. The kind of horse of which I am thinking won't give them any option. Unkind things, of course, are sometimes said about horses, and I recall the remarks of an old friend of mine, a jockey whom we used to call Ananias Smith, who said just before a steeplechase: "It's fair murder putting anyone on an 'orse' like that, and only a treacherous pig like 'im would do it!" He was referring in the last part of that sentence to the owner, and, personally, I thought that it was an under-description, having known him in the racing way myself.

"Old Jack's" Descendant

IN view of subsequent events, and of one in particular, it seems rather trite to remark what a pity that Abbots Fell is not in the Leger, for he might have given Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen some recompense for the dire disappointment of Rockefeller, who has been the victim of one misfortune after another. It has always been understood by the public that at home Rockefeller has shown himself the superior of Abbots Fell, and since it was made quite clear at Windsor on September 2nd that the extra furlong in the Leger would not have

bothered the latter, what must have been Rockefeller's chance if all had gone well with him? Abbots Fell traces straight back to Carbine, that great New Zealander who won the Melbourne Cup (2 miles) in 1890 with 10 st. 5 lb., having run second the previous year, with 9 st. 12 lb., both of them hurdle-racing weights. Carbine was one of the most placid horses that ever went on to a race-course, and Australian friends who knew him in the days of his fame have told me that he had to

be literally pushed by hand to get him down to the post. He never even offered to kick. Once there, however, and with his head turned the right way, it was a very different story. Abbots Fell inherits his ancestor's temperament. In the Leger Trial Stakes at Windsor (1 mile 5 furlongs) he won in a canter, finishing nine lengths in front of Glide Away, and it was a quite truly-run race. I cannot see him beaten in the Champion Stakes (1½ miles) on the 26th, and I suggest that if anyone can get a friendly bookmaker to lay him a price about next year's Gold Cup that he takes it.

STABLE SECRETS—



"In the Know": by "The Tout"

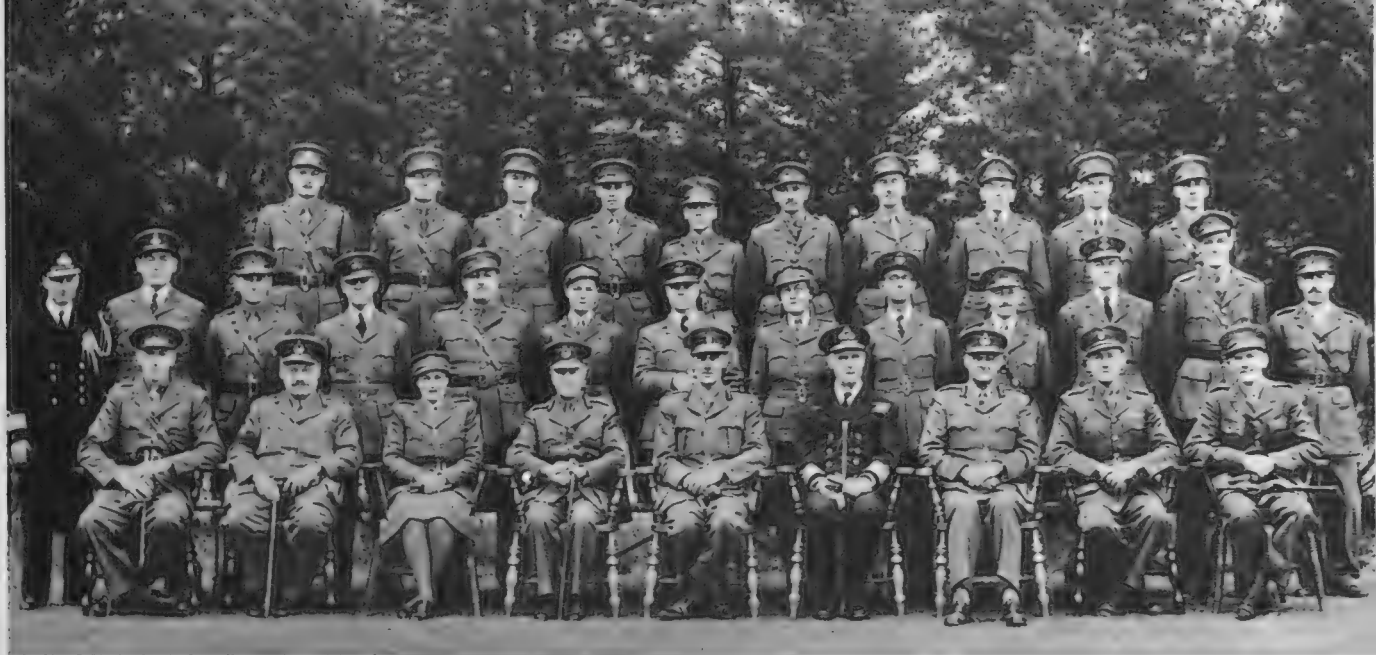
"Midge" Richardson, who goes to scale at 6 st. 12 lb., is in the happy position of combining years of experience with an exceptionally light weight. Consequently there is always a big demand for his services. He has been riding with success this season, mostly in the south, and at Newmarket. As a contrast to "Midge," we have "Bob" Todd, "the man who shod the Tetrarch," a well-known racecourse character, who used to be a blacksmith at Newmarket. When there is no racing on the Heath his burly figure is usually in evidence in the High Street. A.J. Purser owns that very good sprinter, Pamphilos, trained by Cecil Ray at Malton. Before "going down" to Sugar Palm in the Nunthorpe the other day, Pamphilos had not previously been defeated this season. He is by Panorama, whose stock is in great demand. Most of them "catch pigeons" just as their sire did

Nomenclature

A NENT a suggestion in these notes that Miss Dorothy Paget's Tornadic colt might be suitably named Typhoon, a distinguished officer writes to me that he thinks a steed called Camus Hill, by Rickshaw out of Lady Hill, would have been better named Simla or Venusberg. A rickshaw, as we know, is one of those perambulators in which lovely hill-sprites are pushed up and down the activities of the Himalayas, and Simla is famous as a Venusberg far more dangerous than the one Tannhäuser encountered. The naming of some animals (and children) is performed in a most perfunctory manner. On the other hand, some names are most apt. How about The Centurion for a horse who was a ruler over many, and Gehazi for one who was a great lepper?

An Arresting Thought

CAN it be that the German General formerly commanding the unit that was the Seventh German Army was caught because he never heard his captors approaching? It has been stated that he was at Frühstück, which is not quite the same thing as our British breakfast, but nevertheless ought not to be a peculiarly noisy meal. He was not of the Junker officer class. The non-Junkers' favourite pitch when I was in Berlin was the Adlon; the Junker officers, on the other hand, patronised the more select Kaiserhof. I have heard the warriors in the Adlon absorbing food, so I was wondering.



Just over a year ago this A.A. Brigade created a world record by shooting down a German aircraft flying at 34,000 ft. A few weeks later Gen. Sir Frederick Pile came down to present trophies to the batteries concerned, and Sir Charles Little, C-in-C., Portsmouth, was also present. Front row: Major H. R. Haughton, R.A., Major-Gen. R. F. E. Whittaker, C.B., O.B.E., T.D., Chief Cdr. S. E. Mactaggart, A.T.S., Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Brig. R. Barrow, C.B.E., Admiral Sir Charles Little, C.B.E., K.C.B., Major-Gen. C. A. E. Cadell, C.B.E., M.C., Brig. J. A. E. Burls, O.B.E., Major-Gen. D. S. Robertson, R.A. Middle row: Pay/Capt. G. Blamey, P/O. H. Gardner, 2nd Lt. A. E. Gilbert, F/Lt. A. D. Wood, Capt. C. E. Matthews, Sub. J. M. Firmin, S/Ldr. J. L. Bullard, Sub. L. A. Manning, F/Lt. J. R. Bowes-Cavanagh, Lt. T. More, F/O. J. D. Kevill, Lt. F. Barraclough, Lt. W. E. Gaunt. Back row: Lts. D. H. Lightfoot, A. W. Farley, J. V. Chapman, K. Boothroyd, 2nd Lt. E. C. Wheatley, Capt. D. H. K. Parry, Lt. W. J. Yates, Lt. T. E. Davies, Capt. D. P. Calder, Capt. K. H. Pinker

The C-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command at an A.A. Brigade H.Q.



Officers of a West African Infantry Brigade H.Q.

Front row: Rev. B. S. Titmus, R.A.Ch.D., 2nd Lt. G. M. Fitzgerald, Capt. R. E. Vane, Major T. C. Adams, Brigade Commander, Major I. F. Morris, Capt. F. H. Dittmer, A. E. Wrist, Rev. C. E. Rowlands, R.A.Ch.D. Back row: Lts. L. W. Wailes, S. E. Hardiman, Rev. H. J. Begley, R.A.Ch.D., Capt. J. D. Anderson, N. L. Johnston, Lt. J. H. Parkinson

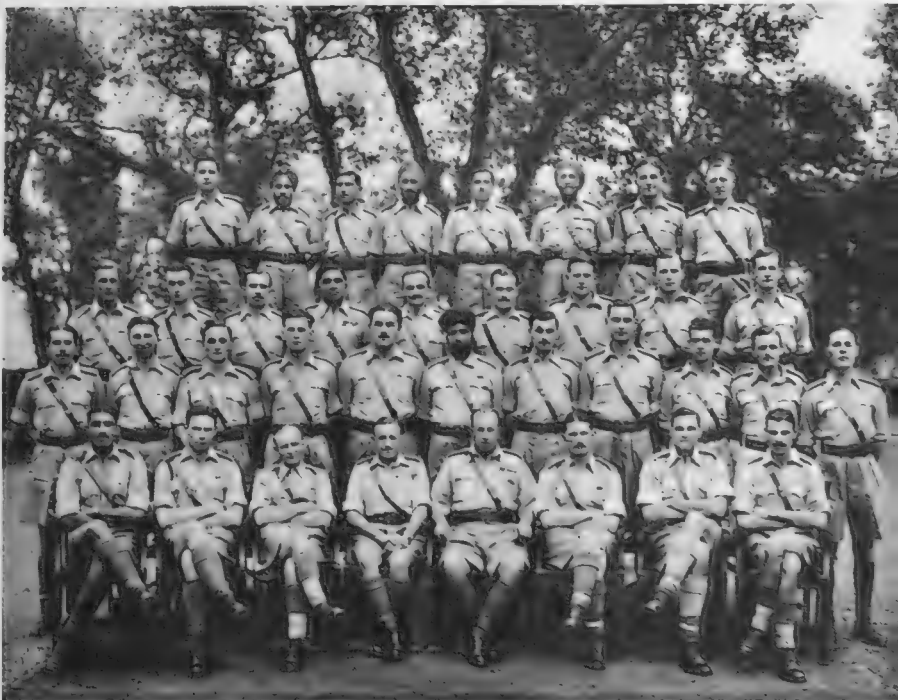


D. R. Stuart

Pilots of a Fleet Air Arm Fighter Squadron

Front row: S/Lt. (A) B. Spencer, Lt. (A) D. B. Law, Lt.-Cdr. (A) P. E. I. Bailey, R.N., Lts. (A) H. Lang, R.N.Z.N.V.R., (A) W. A. Wallace. Middle row: S/Lts. (A) G. H. Horne, (A) D. K. Lewis, (A) C. H. Birch, (A) A. Horstead, (A) M. D. Brooshoof. Back row: S/Lts. (A) A. E. Taylor, (A) H. H. Simpson, R.N., (A) J. C. Thomas

Right, front row: Majors Mohd Siddiq, M.C., R. H. Henderson, P. S. Mitcheson, Lt.-Col. E. C. Johnson, Col. F. D. S. Field, O.B.E., M.C., Commanding Officer, Majors J. P. Manson, J. C. Hartley, W. B. K. Battey. Second row: Capt. G. Shaw, Lts. F. D. Cash, J. E. Stewart, G. S. Baker, W. L. Farrow, Lachman Singh, Capt. R. W. Fidgeon, R. V. Webb, Lt. A. J. Bolsby, Capt. R. T. Cornell, Lt. R. F. Davies. Third row: Lts. P. R. C. Heath, J. Kirkwood, Capt. C. J. E. Keene, Ghulam Haider, O.B.I., H. L. Everall, A. T. Perkins, Lts. H. P. G. Unsworth, V. W. Johnson, Capt. J. H. Gordon. Back row: Lts. E. M. Bromley, Wazir Singh, Hamid Khan, Sant Singh, Mohd Sabir, Bhag Singh, Capt. F. Greenall, Lt. C. D. B. Lison



Officers of the 11th Sikh Regimental Centre

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Prisoners of War

YES, this has been a long war. In the course of these five years every one of us, probably, has faced out his or her darkest hour, in which it seemed impossible to go on. This had to be wrestled with all alone, as Jacob wrestled in the dark with the angel. But everyone has gone on: in every spirit lies hidden a far from small individual victory. Help came, grace was granted—or, if you like more prosaic terms, one got one's second wind.

We have had more intimate enemies than the Axis. Weariness and separation—from those we love, from our preconceived plan of life, from so much that was happy and normal—have been perhaps the chief. Our principal weapon against these has been activity. Hard work has sought us; and we have sought it. I have heard so many people say, "It is just as well one has not too much time to think." Yes, for us free ones life has been hard enough, but always, just somehow, tolerable.

I say, for us free ones, because it is impossible not to wonder about our prisoners of war—those men who remain so acutely "missing" from their families, from their circle of friends. It is impossible, if one has any imagination, not to realise that the psychological struggle of which we are conscious must be doubled for them. Weariness and separation, from which we find our escapes, could so easily dominate their entire days. If the war has seemed long to us, what must it seem to them? We make out somehow; we have found our solutions. What are their solutions; how are they making out?

Each of us whose husband, son, brother or friend is a prisoner of war has the evidence of his courageous letters. Receivers of such letters seek one another out, exchange any information that can be got from them, try hard to arrive at a complete picture. Such a picture, of life in a prison camp, is wanted—not only emotionally, in order to envisage the day-to-day life of individually dear men, but practically, one might say, sociologically. For those years of captivity, and the way in which they have been spent, will be ever-present factors in the existence of the men who are—we hope soon, now—to return. A picture, more nearly complete than one could have believed possible, has been given us in Noel Barber's *Prisoner of War* (Harrop; 8s. 6d.). Here, told for the first time, is the full story of how British soldiers, sailors and airmen live when they are taken prisoner by the enemy. How has it been arrived at? Mr. Barber has had access to reports on the various prison camps; also, he has read, sifted through and collated some thousands of letters. Every detail supplied here has its authentic source. The close, careful work of notation, comparison, checking, must

have been endless; but I can think of no work more worth while. The result is a book that will not only be of evident value to all whose relations or friends are prisoners of war, but of interest to every thinking and feeling person.

The Daily Round

GETTING up in the morning, meals, work, exercise, recreation, going to bed again—that remains the frame of daily life for us all. The hour at which we rise, the sort of food that we eat, the nature of the work, the degree of enjoyment we get from the recreation, the mood and hour in which we go to bed—all that determines the day's colour. First, Mr. Barber supplies—allowing, meticulously, for the variations between camp and camp—the prisoners' version of that routine. Aided by a fine assembly of photographs, he helps us to envisage the camps themselves—everything from mediæval castles to hut cities. Climate, surrounding landscape, are contributory factors, for worse or better, to the different characters of the different camps. Sleeping quarters, washing arrangements and the space and facilities for exercise are described fully—castles, for instance, though generally having a fine outlook, are least satisfactory in this regard. Then as to food—the official weekly menus are given: this allowance could just sustain life, but the dependence of prisoners upon their parcels is made clear. Of the cooking and preparation of food by the prisoners themselves, we are told in detail: the contents of parcels are put to uses whose ingenuity brings a lump to one's throat.



Mr. Sidney L. Bernstein

As Chief of the Films Section of the Psychological War Division of Shaeff, Mr. Bernstein is responsible for putting the Allied viewpoint before all the civilian populations of the liberated countries. Documentaries and feature films already well known over here have been given French, Flemish, Dutch and Italian titles and sub-titles, and will be shown to the peoples of those countries. A weekly news feature will keep them right up to date on the progress of the victorious Allied armies.

"Biscuit pudding," for instance, is a popular feature. Often the nature of the dish is not determined till the cooking is done—if it emerges soft, it is pudding; if hard, it is a cake: in either case, it is much enjoyed.

Work in the fields is, on the whole, popular: it entails open air, extra rations, pay, a view of the country, and the natural pleasure man gets from contact with the soil. This pleasure is, naturally, at its highest where the prisoners make their own camp gardens, raising flowers and vegetables. They have also been active in levelling playing-fields.

So much for the body: But Mr. Barber deals fully, even more fully, with the ever-important question of the mind. While some prisoners of war are men at the height, or approaching the height, of their powers, many others are very young men, just at the start of life. Are these years of captivity to be a total, dead, embittering loss? Is the prisoner's best hope to be, somehow, to get through time? The answer has been a triumphant "No!" Food for the mind is travelling into the camps as steadily as food for the body. With what they have asked for and have been sent, the men have brought into being within the camps libraries, universities, orchestras. The young prisoner can fit himself for his future career, not only by study of a proscribed course, but, now, by taking examinations. The older prisoner may develop cultural interests

(Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

RE-READING *The Letters of Llewelyn Powys*—and what

By Richard King

lovely letters they are—I was struck by the following sentence: "How one would like to go round the world *letting people out of traps*." (The italics are mine.) Being "trapped" is, I am convinced, the longer I live and am watchful, the secret tragedy behind so many human lives. A tragedy, moreover, which can never be told, is often unacknowledged and has little or no dramatic significance for outsiders. Nevertheless, it can, and often does, make life a long drawn out hell, from which the sufferers are powerless to escape.

Some people, of course, are born "trapped." Their temperament, their whole psychological make-up, runs contrary to the conventional life which circumstances force them to live. These wander through existence like enemy aliens, fearful of discovery, yet vainly searching for their own country. Others are trapped by an environment over which they have no control and against which nature has given them no weapon. The round peg in the square hole is not there because it chooses to be there. It is there because a hundred untoward events have hammered it into its tragic position.

How queer it is, looking back on life, how fate in a million subtle ways baits her traps. The whole course of life can be as utterly changed in five minutes as in five years, and each change is, as it were, according to a preconceived plan

which seems deliberately intended to make or mar self-fulfilment for always.

We are, most of us, wishful thinkers in secret, but fate has its own relentless logic.

I, too, would like to go round the world letting people out of traps—traps of ill health, poverty, environment, of character, unfulfilled desires and unrequited love. From the last "trap" of all I could not, of course, set them free. Old age creeps up to us so stealthily and so suddenly pounces. Almost in a moment it seems to us that we are caught fast in a mesh which we had never perceived was being entwined around us. Even the other "traps" are unavoidable. Many people have walked into a prison who once believed they were stealing happiness. The utterly brave can smile through the bars and no outsider realises how lonely they are. Others turn sour without anybody perhaps guessing the real cause. Nevertheless, something within the heart, some blessed memory perhaps, still dreams of freedom. To-morrow may yet be a lovely day.

And when at length we begin to realise that there cannot now be many "to-morrows," we cling on to the belief that death will offer us the key of escape. Most of us simply cannot imagine an after-life, if any, which is not utterly sunny, utterly without bars, entirely without frustration: all that is loveliest within us free to live its own life at last, unhampered by the gnawing despair of existing with all our most joyous songs unsung.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Daukes — Douglas

Lt.-Col. John Clendon Daukes, R.A., eldest son of Lt.-Col. Sir Clendon and Lady Daukes, of Packway, Bayley's Hill, Sevenoaks, Kent, married Miss Elizabeth Douglas, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Cosmo Douglas, of Hatzelby, Newbury, at St. Martin's, East Woodhay, Newbury



Komicowski — Godley

Capt. Peter Komicowski, of Cracow, and the Hon. Katharine Mary Godley were married at the Polish Church, Devon Road, London. The bride is the only daughter of Lord Kilbracken, of Killegar, Killeshandra, and of Elizabeth Lady Kilbracken, of 42, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.

Right: Capt. Frank Leslie Fisher, R.E., only son of the late Frank Fisher and of Mrs. Fisher, of Barrow-in-Furness, and Miss Lola Kathleen Edmonstone Charles, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. M. S. Charles, of Hyde Park Mansions, N.W., were married at St. Mark's North Audley Street



Fisher — Charles



Zbrowski — Harrison

Mr. Włodzimierz Jan Zbrowski, only son of the late Marian Zbrowski and Mrs. Jadwiga Zbrowski, of Warsaw, married Mrs. Rhoda Elizabeth Harrison, widow of George Harrison, of Johannesburg, and daughter of the late Hon. Stanhope Tollemache and the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache, of 5, Chesham Street, Belgrave Square, S.W., at Brompton Oratory



Jeffery — Orme

Sub-Lt. Robert William Jeffery, R.N.V.R., son of the late George Jeffery, of Iquique, Chile, and of Mrs. Alexander Fergusson, of Valparaiso, married Miss Lettice Frances Orme, daughter of the late Christopher Guy Orme, and of the Hon. Mrs. Orme, of 9, Grosvenor Court, Sloane Street, S.W., at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens



Montgomerie — Maturin-Baird

Lt. Alastair Montgomerie, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. J. D. Montgomerie, of 8, Kensington Gate, Glasgow, married Miss Patricia Maturin-Baird, eldest daughter of Col. and Mrs. C. E. Maturin-Baird, of Langham Hall, Colchester, at the Roman Catholic Church, Colchester



Higgins — Slade

Lt.-Cdr. A. C. E. Higgins, D.S.C., R.N., second son of Major and Mrs. C. R. Higgins, of Gilston Rectory, Harlow, Essex, married Miss E. W. Slade, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Slade, of Teanbury, Bishop's Stortford, at Sawbridgeworth Church

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 362)

Simon Emmett has thoroughly enjoyed his first visit to Scotland, and particularly the days spent with his young cousins. The Hon. Mrs. Emmett, who is the late Lord Portman's younger sister, works for the Red Cross in London during term time. The Emmetts have recently taken a very nice flat in Regent's Park, as they sold their lovely home, Moreton Paddox, in Warwickshire, this spring.

Over in Angus, the Earl and Countess of Airlie have a smaller family party than usual. David, their eldest son, and Grisel and Margaret, two of their daughters, are on war work, the first two in the Services and Margaret at the War Office, but they have had their two younger sons home for the holidays. Angus, who is at Eton, has shown himself a very good cox on the river, and James is at a preparatory school in Scotland. The Airlies have their daughter Jean, who is married to Lord Lloyd, living in a house on the estate very near Downie Park, which the Airlies have made their home for the duration. Their lovely Cortachy Castle is being used as a hospital by the Polish Army.

Around Town

THE many friends of Lady Claud Hamilton are always remarking that she could easily be taken for her daughter's elder sister, and certainly when she and Miss Pamela Newall were lunching at the May Fair last week they were two of the most attractive people in the restaurant. Miss Pamela Newall, who has fully inherited all her mother's good looks, is an aircraftwoman in the W.A.A.F., and she was enjoying a few days' leave in town.



£11,000 from Spanish Wines

Swabe

More than £11,000 was raised in less than two hours at a sale at Christie's to benefit the Red Cross and St. John Fund. Among those who attended the sale and appear above are Major-Gen. Sir John Kennedy, Sir Alec Martin, Mr. T. M. Taylor-Restall, Commandant Walker, and (sitting) Lady Willingdon, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode and H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Alba. On the rostrum is Lord Courtauld-Thomson, Chairman of the Red Cross Sale Committee.

Another famous visitor to the May Fair, from the R.A.F., was Wing Commander Geoffrey Cheshire, V.C., who paid a special visit to Alf Storey's bar to renew an old acquaintanceship which began in the early days of the war. Alf Storey, who is one of London's best-known barmen, figured prominently in the Wing Commander's thrilling book *Bomber Pilot*, which was very much of a best-seller. Unfortunately, Mrs. Cheshire, American actress Constance Binney, had left for the U.S.A. just before her husband's award was announced.

Other distinguished visitors have been Lord and Lady Christopher Codrington, who came up from Gloucestershire for a few days. Lord Codrington is considered one of the best shots in the county. Colonel Lord Edward and Lady Russell have also been in town for a short visit.

Anglo-Chilean Reception

H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, Senor Don Manuel Bianchi, was the guest of honour at a reception given by Captain Jack Davis recently at his home at 1, Shepherd's Place, Upper Brook Street, in the interests of Anglo-Chilean post-war trade. Captain Davis is a welfare officer in the Anti-Aircraft Command. He is also in charge of the making of jettison tanks (by which the range of our fighter aircraft is increased) for the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Among the guests at the reception were H.E. the Mexican Ambassador, Commander H.R.H. Prince Bertil of Sweden, Captain C. Mayes, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tauber, Senor Don Leon Subercaseaux and Mme. Subercaseaux, Senor Don Ismael Gonzalez Arevalo, Mr. A. Lennox Boyd, M.P., Major and Mrs. C. J. Stewart, the Earl and Countess of Warwick and Viscountess Scarsdale.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

for which life, so far, has not allowed him time. Not only musical instruments, but "self-instruction" courses in the playing of them are being sent to the camps.

The inner, individual struggle of each man is ever-present in Mr. Barber's, as it must be in the reader's, mind. Though he does not dwell on it, this is, of course, the crux. He does say:

The psychological strain on a prisoner of war is more serious than most people imagine. No man can live two or three years in a compound and not change mentally; the conditions are bound to bring either the best or the worst out of his character. It is therefore vitally important that the people of Britain should do everything possible to combat this deadly effect on men's minds, to make certain that, when the prisoner returns to normal life, he has lived an experience and not a tragedy; and that he is fitted for the life that spreads before him, and is not, by his very sacrifice, doomed to start late in the desperate struggle for existence which the world may well see when this war is over.

Race Apart

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.) is the first Stephen Lister novel that I have read. I can see why his circle of readers steadily widens, and why he holds, by all showing, an individual place. This latest novel of his opens and closes at the "Hotel Mistral," St. Monique, whose earlier chronicles, I see, are on record and cannot but be engaging. What one might call the "frame" chapters are provided by the manager, who speaks in the first person. It is at his own hotel, in the company of his crony Father Delorme, that he encounters, among the surge of guests, the former school friend whom he knew as "Gazelle." This is David Salmon: the once fine-strung Jewish boy has hardened into a clear-cut, désabusé, though obviously successful, middle-aged man.

The main part of *The Waters of Babylon* is David's life-story, as told by David to his friend and Father Delorme over a dinner-table. The story, and its tragedy, is the story of Jewishness: into this figure of David Salmon Mr. Lister has concentrated the entire race and its past. The scene is the High Atlas Mountains, and we open with the boyhood struggles and joyless triumphs of David's father, Yusef ben Saloman, who, attaching himself first to the merchant Hassan, then to the Berber tribesmen, then to the conquering French, becomes the director of each in turn. Against this North African background the solitary Jew accepts and does his best with his destiny, but his wish is that his son, David, should become an Englishman. Misery at a public school, experiments in Australia, then the 1914 war serve to convince David that Jewishness, with everything it implies, is the Jews' only destiny, and should be embraced rather than run away from. Backed by his father, he attempts to start a Jewish agricultural colony in North Africa. But this, his high hope for himself and his race, fails.

So the David Salmon met at the "Hotel Mistral" is a disillusioned flâneur, childless, wifeless, spiritually futureless, accompanied by a blonde that he does not love. At the end, on the eve of this present war, we watch his departure with his mother—the widowed, dignified, deeply religious Miriam—for the United States.

Mr. Lister's powers as a narrator, his colour, his character-sense, his humour and his technique, redeem David's story from any drab sadness. The importance of *The Waters of Babylon*, apart from its being excellent reading, is that it deals with a subject much in our minds to-day. The extreme Nazi attitude to the Jewish people calls upon us to re-examine our own. We have not been inhuman, but have we been fully human where this race is concerned? Apart from any question of return, do we recognise the vast contribution that Jewish genius has made, for centuries, to European civilisation? Mr. Lister's David Salmon, with his keen sense of having inherited no place in the world, is a haunting figure.

Young Persons

"FROM LEARNING TO EARNING" (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.) is subtitled "The Birth and Growth of a Young People's College," and is an account by its Principal, P. I. Kitchin, of the Rugby College of Technology and Arts. It is more: by giving the history, tracing the expansion and explaining the aims of Rugby College, Mr. Kitchin enlightens the outside reader on the whole subject of Day Continuation Schools.

Rugby is the only town at which attendance at a Day Continuation School is compulsory for children (technically known as "young persons") between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The Fisher Act of 1918 obliged all Local Education Authorities to set up such schools. By 1922—for unfortunate reasons set out by Mr. Kitchin—the entire scheme had collapsed, except at Rugby. Some few voluntary schools are elsewhere; but that is not the same. Why, you may ask, should compulsion be (as by Mr. Kitchin's showing) desirable? Because these young persons are, at the same time, workers, and if this schooling be not universal, unfair discrimination may well be made by employers between the child demanding one day a week's release to attend school, and the child content to forgo schooling.

The school, opened five days a week, provides one day's teaching a week for the children in the five different age-groups. In addition, there are voluntary evening classes. The idea of children being cut off from all further education, because they must earn money, at the very age when most children begin to learn, has always seemed to me shocking. Enlightened employers, especially in industry, view the continuation-school scheme with increasing favour. Let us hope that, after this war, the war-won ideals expressed by the Fisher Act will not again melt away. Do read *From Learning to Earning*.

HILLMAN MINX



"ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL LIGHT
CARS THE MOTOR INDUSTRY HAS YET
TURNED OUT." *Observer*

The Hillman Motor Car
Co. Ltd., Coventry

ROOTES GROUP



A matter of belting . . .

Few people associate the word "belting" with either rubber or the war effort. Yet millions of feet of Industrial rubber belting are to-day working full-time on highly important war jobs. In the field of industrial rubber products—transmission and conveyor belting, or hose—Goodyear are to-day recognised as a leading authority. That this is so is due largely to the unceasing research work in the use of rubber in all its many forms that goes on in the Goodyear Research Laboratories.

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to Progress

CHATWOOD

IN BOTH SPHERES

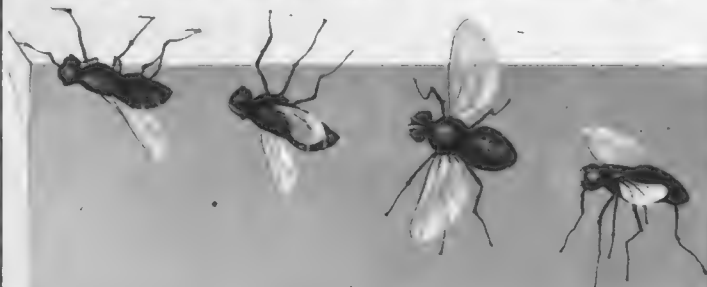


FIREPROOF • BURGLARPROOF

SECURITY

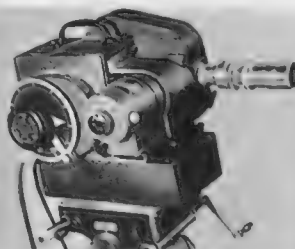
THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO. LTD • SHREWSBURY • ENGLAND

How do flies land on ceilings?



KODAK high-speed camera studies split-second action

The camera which, following the memorable "Brains Trust" question, filmed this fly making its "half roll" landing, is today busy serving industry and science. It enables the study of motion too fast for the eye . . . the whirr of a propeller, the air-flow on stream-lining, fuel injection in aero-engines and various secret processes.



Many of the advances made possible by this 'Kodak' Camera, and by 'Kodak' Film, will be appreciated when industry can incorporate the fruits of wartime research in peacetime production.

KODAK

F.208



NEW BRITISH FABRICS

REVOLUTIONISE FASHION POSSIBILITIES

● Necessity mothers many inventions, latest of them an entirely new fabric foundation based on a long staple fibre which is being produced in many old and new guises by James Sterling Ltd., of Manchester and Belfast. The resulting materials have boundless possibilities, assuming apparently with equal ease at least the outward qualities of wool, silk, linen, corduroy, the lightest of lingerie ninon, the softest of satin. Day frocks, dinner gowns, two-piece suits, beach suits, slacks, men's dressing-gowns and shirts, gloves, even handbags, have been made up by Mr. Percy Trilnick to demonstrate the enormous possibilities of these new materials. A few of them are shown on this page, giving some idea of the varying textures and designs. The evening dress rustles like taffeta; it is the very latest of the new materials and designs



AGENTS IN
WEST END
AND PROVINCES

Enquiries:
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
LONDON, W.1

Nicolls of Regent Street
20 Regent Street London W.1 Tel. Regent 1951

"JUNE"



A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.



Each Shoe a Model Shoe — as Exclusive as a Model Gown!

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE COMPANY LIMITED

Harrods

Flapjacks in Great Variety—

Top to bottom . . .

R.A.F. Flapjack in airforce blue leather. Wings stamped in gold. Stud fastening. 25/-

Strong Plastic Flapjack, mottled red, brown or black. With patterned top, snap fastening. 29/6

Large-size Service Flapjack of light brown pig-grain leather. Zip fastening. 29/6

Mottled Leather Flapjack. Square shape with stud fastening. Predominating shades of brown, blue or cyclamen. 27/6

Postage and packing on each 7d. extra

Fashion Jewellery Dept.—
Ground Floor



HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

TWO men were sitting opposite each other in the train. One of them looked up and said to the other: "Do you see that communication cord? Well, I bet you I can pull that cord for no reason at all, and the railway company will not fine me five pounds." The other man answered: "All right, then, I bet you can't."

Whereupon the first passenger stood up and pulled the communication cord as hard as he could. There was a shrieking of brakes as the train came to a halt. The next thing the two men saw was the guard at the carriage door, with his note-book in hand.

"Who pulled that cord?" demanded the guard.

"I did," responded the culprit and taking out a revolver shot himself.

AT the dedication of a new fire engine, in a little town, the following toast was proposed:

"May she be like the dear old maids of this town, always ready but never called for!"

JIMMY had returned from a party, and his mother, knowing his weakness, looked him straight in the eye and asked: "Are you sure you didn't ask Mrs. Jones for a second piece of cake?"

"No, mummy," replied Jimmy. "I only asked for the recipe, so that you could make some like it, and she gave me two more pieces of her own accord."

IN Cleveland, Ohio, a guest conductor was driven crazy at rehearsals because at least one member of the orchestra was always missing. After the last rehearsal, he tapped for attention and said: "I want to thank the first violinist publicly for being the only man in the entire orchestra who had the decency to attend every rehearsal."

The first violinist hung his head. "It seemed the least I could do," he said in a deprecating tone. "You see, I don't expect to show up for the concert tonight!"

A DOCTOR on his round just managed to pull up his car in time to avoid running over a Home Guard, on his back in the middle of the road and twisting about as if in agony.

The doctor got out. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Where's the pain?"

"There isn't any," replied the Home Guard. "I'm on an exercise and this road is supposed to be a deep river. I've got to cross it."

"But why—" began the doctor.

The Home Guard, still thrashing about, broke in with the explanation: "I can only swim on my back."

A LITTLE girl, travelling by night train, was put to bed in an upper berth for the first time. She kept on crying till her mother told her not to be afraid because God would watch over her.

After a time: "Mummy, are you there?"

"Yes, dear."

"Daddy, are you there?"

"Yes."

A fellow passenger lost all patience at this point and yelled: "We're all here. Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and cousins. All here—now for heaven's sake go to sleep."

There was a pause. Then, very softly: "Mummy?"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"



High Spirits at the Anglo-Chilean Reception

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tauber were in high spirits at the reception given by Captain Jack Davis in honour of the Chilean Ambassador, Señor Don Manuel Bianchi. They are seen above with Mr. Tom Webster, the famous racing cartoonist (centre)

ALF was at the cinema, where a picture of a girl on a river bank, divesting herself of clothing prior to taking a bathe, was shown on the screen. In front of her ran a railway line, and just as the girl had come to an interesting point in her undressing, the train came along, obscuring the view. After the train had passed, the girl was in the water. Alf had just witnessed this episode when the man next to him muttered "Damn."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Alf.

"What's the matter?" replied the other. "Are you aware I've been to see this picture five times this week and that ruddy train's to time every night?"

The discriminating

Women's

choice . . .

Tango
Quality
HEADWEAR



Obtainable from leading milliners

Twomax REAL SCOTCH KNITWEAR



To be well dressed is every Woman's aim—this is easily achieved by wearing Twomax Real Scotch Knitwear.

Obtainable from all good Stores and Department Stores.

McCLURE & McINTOSH LTD.
GLASGOW

LOUIS LEVY

At one good shop in most cities

or write to :—
LOUIS LEVY (LONDON) LTD.
13 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1
(Wholesale only)

MODEL

'Celanese' TRADE MARK makes good use of Coupons



The prospect of plain lingerie was a little depressing to those who loved the exquisite pre-war Lingerie in 'Celanese'. But you will find present-day Lingerie is lovely still — for the eye can now appreciate fully the beauty of the Fabric itself.



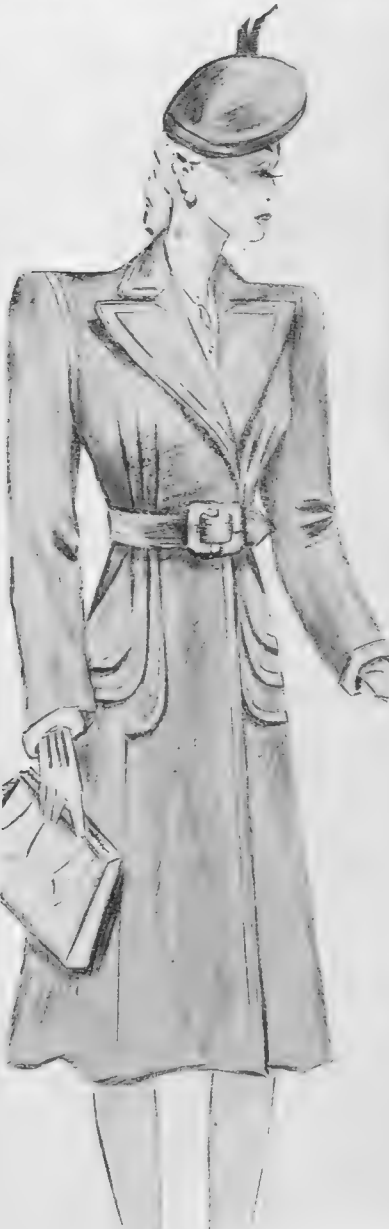
QUALITY CLOTHES FROM

Gorringes

A TAILORED

Coat

FOR THE AUTUMN



"Melbourn" A smart coat of excellent quality in camel/wool material. Note the novel pockets and buckle finish. Natural colour only. S.S.W: S.W: W: O.S. **£14.4.8**
18 coupons

GORRINGES GAZETTE

Please Send 6d. for next 3 issues.
Autumn issue ready early October.

Frederick Gorringe, Ltd.
Buckingham Palace Road
VICTORIA 6666 (24 lines) S.W.1

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Composite

THE statement made by Mr. Duncan Sandys a couple of weeks ago on the flying-bomb campaign was a model of what such things should be. It was properly supported by figures and there was a welcome absence of those shadowgraph displays with which ministers nowadays so often give the substance an enlarged or a diminished appearance according to their own wishes. I was especially interested in two matters mentioned by Mr. Sandys. First there was the relationship of casualties to bombs launched and bombs reaching the London area; and then there was the statement about the composite launching of the bombs from Heinkel 177 aircraft.

While the flying-bomb attack was in progress I estimated from what I knew of the death rate caused by ordinary bombs, the number of bombs which had reached greater London up to a given date and I gave this figure in an article. The censors, however, did not like it, although my calculations were based on only such figures as had been officially given. I was pleased to see from Mr. Sandys's statement that my figures had been correct. Had I been allowed to serve my readers as I do in peace time, therefore, I would have been able to give them a true perspective of the flying-bomb attacks long before any full official statement was made. Presumably the censor's stop was imposed because it was thought that there was a possibility that the German intelligence officers had not tumbled to the fundamental relationships. It is remarkable how constant the relationship between fatal casualties and weight of bombs discharged (not launched or sent out but discharged) remains. From it I believe I could draw up a list of the fatal casualties in German cities bombed by the Royal Air Force and the United States Army Air Forces which would be accurate in spite of the prodigious efforts used by the Germans to conceal these figures.



Five Who Matched Their Skill Against the Flying Bomb

Photographed at the Ministry of Information whilst attending a conference on the flying bomb are S/Ldr. Joseph Berry, D.F.C., of Nottingham, who has destroyed 60 flying bombs; W/Cdr. R. F. G. Lea, Deputy Commandant, Royal Observer Corps; Corporal Cairns of Warrington, representing Balloon Command; W/Cdr. Roland Beaumont, D.S.O., D.F.C., leader of the first Tempest wing to go into action against the flying bombs; and W/Cdr. E. D. Crow, D.S.O., D.F.C., of Wellingborough, leader of a Mosquito squadron.

As for the composite launching; it was certainly in the mind of the inventor of the composite aircraft, Major Mayo, that it could be used by the Germans directly the flying-bomb attacks began. And it seems to me that the composite launch might be a better way of sending off a flying bomb, than the launch from a runway. With the composite launch the bomb can be set on its course at its operational height and one cause of error thus eliminated. It then needs no special launching ramp which is liable to attack. But the original use proposed for composite launching to be used by the R.A.F. was different. It was intended to make it possible to use an ultra-high-speed bomber at long range. That it would have done this there is no doubt. And had it done it there is no doubt it would have reduced the risks for the putting down of a given bomb load.

Air Editions

AMERICAN newspapers rightly hailed the special *Times* air edition as a first-class feat of daily newspaper work. I have examined a copy and feel that the American comments are justified. Although it is so much lighter in weight, the special paper is opaque and gives a beautiful rendering of the half-tone blocks. The same plates are used as for the ordinary edition and all that happens is that the paper is changed and the words "air edition" and the altered price of 4d. are put on the front page. It seems to me that the old *Times* has given a lead which deserves notice. Until the cabled or radioed newspaper becomes a fact and until it provides a good-looking result, there will be a steadily mounting scope for the air-borne newspaper and periodical.

When the world is held in a string bag of air lines, we ought to have the world's Press to draw upon here or anywhere else and the copy ought never to arrive more than two days late. But special light-weight papers will be needed to make that practicable. I am not sufficiently well informed on newspaper economics to know whether the transmission of plates (that is the cast plates which go on the printing machines and carry all text and pictures) by air would be in the end cheaper than the air edition on special paper. But I am certain that air transport is going to accelerate our interchange of published information.

Radio or Reading Matter

PUBLISHERS, indeed, should study to make an ally of air transport. I take it that everybody except those who have completely lost their critical faculties, prefers to have a finely printed, good-looking newspaper to examine at leisure than to rely upon the necessarily mutilated news that comes over the radio. It is not only that many of us are interested in serious matters which the B.B.C., through the limitations imposed by high propriety and the low average intelligence of its listeners, must avoid; but also that we sometimes desire to have a little frivolity and frankness. If the publishers work with the air carriage concerns they should be able to open up a large new field for enterprise. Both the scientific and specialist journals and the light-hearted magazines should have a big opportunity.

ESTABLISHED OVER 150 YEARS

REAL HARRIS TWEEDS AND HOMESPUN

HANDWOVEN BY THE
CROFTERS IN THE
ISLE OF HARRIS

Direct deliveries of these attractive and hard-wearing materials now in stock; suitable for making up into coats, skirts, costumes, etc.

ANY LENGTH CUT

Patterns on Request. Postage 6d

PLEASE DO NOT APPLY UNLESS
COUPONS ARE AVAILABLE

ROMANES & PATERSON

62 PRINCES STREET
EDINBURGH 2

Telephone: 21017-8

ALSO AT BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.



SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY
AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777"
RAINCOAT - SUPPLIES NOW,
HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANC.

Also at
314 Regent Street, London, W.1



Typical of Seigal styling here is the new "Chain Stripe" suit in cheviot.

FROM LEADING FASHION HOUSES EVERYWHERE



Epic cure and epicures

The Dictionary gives "Epicure: one who is choice and dainty in eating and drinking"... the type of pre-war gourmet who, when lemon barley water was in question, chose Lembar and insisted on it. Now Lembar is available again; but hale Epicures no longer insist: they resign their rights to those suffering from acidosis, 'flu', biliousness, etc. Lembar (pure lemon juice, cane sugar, finest barley and glucose)—is for the medicine cupboard, *not* the sideboard—until the war is over.

RAYNER'S medicinal

Lembar

Obtainable from
chemists

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18

Equal Shares

Our years of experience in making suits and uniforms for men have enabled us to give to officers in the women's services all the qualities they demand in well-cut tailor-made clothes. Now women officers have an equal share with men in the Austin Reed Service.



AUSTIN REED of Regent Street

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

London Telephone: Regent 6789

History in the making



70 years

before Dr. Alexander Graham Bell stumbled upon the discovery which gave the world the telephone, the firm of Seager Evans was founded. With a record of 139 years of fine distilling, they still produce the unrivalled

SEAGERS GIN

Supplied to the public through the
Retail Trade ONLY.

25/3
Full size
bottle

13/3
Half
bottle

ESTD

1805



TORBAY HOTEL

TORQUAY

Tel. : 2218 Telegrams : Torbay, Torquay

100 BEDROOMS

SPECIAL TERMS
FOR H.M. SERVICES

WRITE FOR TARIFF T

ESTD 1742

WHITBREAD & Co. LTD.

Brewers
of ale and stout
for over two centuries

Note these Facts

RHEUMATISM
has one thing in
common with Neuritis,
Headache, Toothache,
Sleeplessness,
Colds and 'Flu :

its manifestations of pain are
safely and speedily relieved by two
tablets of 'Genasprin'.

The exact causes of *Rheumatism*
have yet to be discovered by
medical science, but it is known
that salicylate therapy has a bene-
ficial action on the disturbances
of uric acid metabolism associated
with certain types of Rheumatism:
'Genasprin', therefore, combats
these conditions as well as giving
sure and speedy relief from the
pain that accompanies them.

Only an *absolutely pure* form
of aspirin can be relied upon not
to depress the heart or upset
the digestion. 'Genasprin' is *absolutely pure*: it will not produce
any harmful after-effects. You can
get 'Genasprin' from any chemist
at 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain
'GENASPRIN'
sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade
mark of Genasol Ltd., Loughborough.



Absolutely unretouched photograph of the
same eyes before and after treatment.

OVER AND UNDER THE EYES REJUVENATED

Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of
age, worry, misfortune and ill-health.
This imperfection of the skin destroys
the natural expression of even the
brightest eyes.

The Hystogen method corrects pain-
lessly and permanently all facial im-
perfections, and saves the face from
premature decay. The Hystogen
method, invented and practised by
a Swiss specialist with 35 years' expe-
rience is the scientific and genuine
method of improving the face. 15,000
men and women have already benefited
by this miraculous method, without
the aid of which many would have to
retire from active life. Literature 2/6

Consultation with specialist fixed by letter only.

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1911), 30 Old Quebec St., London, W.1

Jacqmar Newest Propaganda Scarf "Into Battle"

Each square is printed with
the 121 authentic Badges of
every regular regiment of
the British Army. Obtainable
at many high class Stores
throughout the country.
67/- and 2 coupons - or from

Jacqmar 16 GROSVENOR ST, LONDON

Even Dogs look
forward to Victory

IT WILL BRING MORE
SPRATT'S
BISCUIT DOG FOODS



....the sure way of
'building-up' a dog....

CALM and
CONFIDENT
Smokers can look
with confidence to
the calm enjoyment
they derive from their
old favourite—Player's

Player's
Please



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

NCT.52BB



Perfect comfort;
free as air, clad in

AERTEX
underwear

Entrances and Exits

She is watched by a thousand eyes.
She is living a thousand sensations.
She is giving grace to a scene that
has for so long been a part of her
dreams. It's a day never to be
forgotten—a day when above all
others she would want to walk her
best—with the ease and comfort,
for instance, that Vani-Tred shoes
give . . .



*Balanced
Walking
Shoes*



CLASSIC





WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE . . .

. . . THAT POST-WAR CAR OF 19—? It must prove itself to have been 'well worth waiting for.'

It must embody the new perfection of design and workmanship, the striking advances in technical achievement resulting from wartime research and experience. It must combine maximum comfort



BY APPOINTMENT

and higher speeds with lower running costs and absolute reliability. The post-war LANCHESTER will give all this and something more . . . an innate quality of distinction created from the experienced craftsmanship of individual designers and engineers. The car which crowns performance with personality.

LANCHESTER